National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXII. NO. 17. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,109.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION IMPRACTICABLE.

Correspondence of The [Boston] Zion's Herald.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1861.

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No one can accuse your correspondent with favoring the great evil of slavery, neither does he favor immediate emancipation; it is said the following resolution was offered a few days since in the Republican Central Club of this city:

Resolved, "That the surest and quickest way of ending the rebellion and reestablishing a permanent peace, is to declare immediate and unconditional emancipation."

This was discussed, but postponed to another meeting. Should it by possibility be passed, it will amount to nothing, for people now-a-days think for themselves on this grave matter, and are not governed by resolutions of clubs.

But perchance some of your readers may think that the immediate abolition of slavery would be the best plan, and is demanded in justice to the slave and for the benefit of the country; should such persons calmly reflect on the subject, they will find insuperable objections to the project. Of these, your correspondent might suggest many, but for the present will submit the views of Mr. Russell, the anti-slavery English gentleman now in this country, and who has recently been travelling through the South, writing to the London *Times*, by the proprietors of which he was specially employed to observe the state of things in this country. He is a most eloquent writer, and, so far as I can judge, an impartial observer. In a recent letter to *The Times* he says, referring to immediate emancipation:

"The spectacle of an uprising of 4,000,000 of negroes in the plantations, burning, plundering, and destroying the whites, is one which, I confess, I am not humanitarian or abolitionist enough to be prepared to desire or to enjoy. It would be an evil as tremendous in its consequences to the North as to the South, and it would lead to an irrepressible conflict between the national troops and their new allies. There are some few people who talk about resettling the South by negro proprietors, now slaves; *these are blatant lunatics or very wicked idiots.* Others there are who desire, very kindly, to make an arrangement with England by which our colonies could be supplied with labor, and who wish to make a bargain with us for the receipt of a population of 4,000,000 of black people. When they are in a condition to do so, perhaps it may be time to characterize the transaction as it would deserve. No one that I ever heard of proposes to receive the negroes into the Northern States, though, perhaps, they might be allowed to go further, and fare worse in Canada. Victorious, the North will have to encounter, on the very threshold of the Temple of Peace, a foe more terrible than that of war. Is there in all the wise heads of the world one who can solve the knot without the use of the sword? And when the sword has done its work, what next? There is the eternal negro tripping up the feet of Alexander as he returns his blade to the sheath. Can any one devise a scheme for the deportation of 4,000,000 souls? Why, such an emigration was never heard of! The hordes of Huns and Goths and Vandals—the swarming floods of Scythian races, which rolled their tides over Europe, presented no such masses and no such scenes as would be witnessed in the execution of any scheme of the kind; and, except by the spontaneous action of the States, there is little hope of any gradual extinction or absorption of the race, and if it be not done gradually, it can scarce be done at all."

I trust your ultra-abolition readers will ponder on Mr. Russell's views, and see if they can suggest any plan for providing for the 4,000,000 of black people who would be made free by immediate emancipation. Often have I asked the question, "What is to be done with them?" but never received a satisfactory answer; and no possible good do I see in "harping" about what may be considered utterly impracticable.

* * * * * M.

AWAKENING ENERGY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

From The N. Y. Herald.

THE authorities at Washington have at length recognized the danger of permitting such propagators of treason as *The Journal of Commerce* and *Daily News* to be circulated through the Northern States, and have ordered that they should be no longer conveyed through the mails. This is a step in the right direction, and it will doubtless be followed by the closing of the offices of those and other pernicious newspapers altogether. The same fate will be shared, we presume, by the Albany *Argus and Atlas*, and Confidence Cassidy will find his neck in the noose at last. It is also a question whether the abolition secession prints should not also be suppressed. THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Liberator* and *Tribune* do as much mischief in their way as *The Journal of Commerce* and *News*, and tend equally to foment discontent and disorder. The latter of these journals may perhaps be saved by another quaking, penitential card from Massa Greeley, in which, with knees bent, he begs the pardon of the public, and promises not to do so any more.

If the energy of the Administration rises to a level with the exigencies of the occasion, martial law will be proclaimed, and everything will go right. Otherwise we are in danger of mob law, which would be a terrible calamity.

MEN OF ONE IDEA.

From The N. Y. Observer.

WHEN the Springfield *Republican* writes and *The Christian Register* prints with approbation such sentiments as the following, we shall not despair of the future. So often have we circulated the same doctrine, much to the disgust of the radical reform school of our day and generation, that it truly refreshes our spirit to read in our worthy cotemporary journals the truth so clearly put that it can hardly fail to make an impression on the intelligent reader:

"The whole tribe of professional agitators and miscalled reformers are men of one idea. That these men do good, sometimes directly and frequently indirectly, I do not deny; and it is equally evident that they do a great deal of harm, the worst of which, perhaps, falls upon themselves. Like the charge of a cannon they do damage to an enemy's fortifications, but they burn up the powder there is in them, and lose the ball. Like blind old Sampson, they may prostrate the pillars of a great wrong, but they crush themselves and the Philistines together. The greatest and truest reformer that ever lived was Jesus Christ; but ah! the difference between his broad aims, universal sympathies and overflowing love, and the malignant spirit that moves those who angrily beat themselves to death against an instituted wrong! As an illustration, look at those who have been the prominent agitators of the slavery question in this country for the last twenty years. Are they men of charity? Are they Christian men? Is not invective the chosen and accustomed language of their lips? Do they not follow those against whom they have opposed themselves, whether for good cause or otherwise, into their graves with a fiendish lust of cruelty, and do they not delight to trample upon great names and sacred memories? Are they men whom we love? Do we feel attracted to their society? Teachers of toleration, are they not the most intolerant of all men living? Denouncers of bigotry, are they not the most fiercely bigoted of all men we know? Preachers of love and good will to men, do they not use more forcibly than any other class the power of words to wound and poison human sensibilities?

"It is not the quality of the idea which a man entertains that kills him. Freedom for every creature that bears God's image—the breaking of the rod of the oppressor and letting the oppressed go free—this is a good idea. It is so great, so broad, so full, so flowing, that a world of men might gather around it for a time, as they do around Niagara, and grow divine in its majestic music and the vision of the wreath of light which heaven holds above it. If a man undertakes to live upon a single idea, it really makes very little difference to him whether that idea be a good idea or a bad one. A man may as well get scurvy on beans as beef. I suppose a diet of potatoes would be quite as likely to support life comfortably as a diet of peaches. It is because the human soul cannot live upon one thing alone, but demands participation in every expression of the life of God, that it will dwarf and starve upon even the grandest and most divine idea."

Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

Delivered at Allston Hall, Boston, on the Anniversary of the Birthday of Theodore Parker, August 23.

Reported for The Pine and Palm.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The anniversary which calls us together, to-night, is the birthday of our friend THEODORE PARKER. If there was any one feature of his character more prominent than another, it was that he never looked back, except for instruction. The true bent of his mind was to look forward to what he considered his duty. I do not like to look back, and sketch his character or life. If I wanted a monument, I should bid you look round upon this nation, shattered by the sceptre of Justice, and ask you to see the effect of that long life of his, devoted to the prayer that God would execute justice between man and man. I think if he were here to-night, his keen eye would glisten at the sight of what he would see about him. Every plan of his life successful, every prophecy fulfilled, every hope gratified.

He belonged to that class which, without office, has been able, by simple weight of character and thought, to revolutionize this country. He died just at the daybreak of the success of those efforts, and to-day the nation reels under the blows of his mighty right hand. I thank God for it! For us who sympathize with him, we may lift up our heads; for the day of our deliverance is come. The sky is all bright, from the centre to the circumference, with gleams of hope. God has broken up the foundations of the Union, and He will not renew it.

Theodore Parker, I think, would look upon to-day as the trial-day of democracy in this country. He prophesied this day—what use shall we make of it? What would he bid us do? What is the lesson that his lips, if they could break into sound to-day, would give us? Each one must guess for himself. It seems to me we are passing through the trial-day of democracy. We may perceive, if we don't guarantee that the people are equal to the crisis—that, while the masses grope more or less blindly, they love justice, they mean liberty (applause). They mean to hold the girdle of this country together, and consecrate it to liberty (renewed applause). As we read history, the democracy of Greece fell because leaders and people were both rotten. There was never a voice raised against it, except that of Demosthenes. There was no person in the front rank or in the rear, who had an intelligent appreciation of liberty. Now, the uprising to-day—the purpose of the million—seems to me to indicate that the people are equal to the emergency. We know what we want, and we want it with a will; and unless the popular wish is cheated, this Republic will be preserved in its integrity. It will be preserved, as it can only be preserved, on the basis of the Declaration of Independence. To-day the Administration has been six months in office, and what has it done? Six months! The weapons which our people have had placed in its hands, how has it used them? Give two months to root out the public offices, and what has it done? Europe looks across the water, and sees twenty millions of people—their bonds at 96 in the market, their harvest in their barns, and their prosperity on a substantial basis. Europe also looks across the water, and sees eight millions without credit, without food and without munitions of war. The Congress of the one sits guarded by 40,000 soldiers, and the Congress of the other unassailed. Europe sees the North acting constantly on the defensive, except when she has been twice beaten back like a stricken hound. It sees the weaker portion aggressive at every point. I ask, then, in these four months, what has the Administration done in response to the people? It has done nothing with that immense military array. Has it done anything in response to popular sentiment? Has it set forth any principle, or any avowal or purpose, or any great public opinion which they are to use? Not a line—not a word! The world speculates upon the purposes of the United States. It seems to me so far—and six months is not a very short time, at a crisis like this—that the hour has come, but not the man (applause). No man with purpose indicated—no gallant spirit to gather up the enthusiasm of the people—that indispensable requisite, personal loyalty, which has carried all nations through like emergencies—none. My view is, that the trial of democracy shows the masses equal to the emergency; but the Administration not equal to it, either in courage, capacity, or statesmanship.

Everything is possible. Even this Administration may be outspoken and energetic; but what fair ground have we to expect it? The Commander-in-chief was born in Virginia, and the President was born in Kentucky, and no man gets over his birth-place. The fact is, they look upon the question with State pride and State sympathy, whereas no one should attempt to rebuild a nation but upon the corner-stone of eternal justice. Time is slipping away, and how long it may be necessary to educate the President up to the level of efficient leadership, I do not know; but if it takes much longer to move those halting limbs and open those eyes, Europe will take her own course. Whether Treason shall be called Revolution, is only a question of *time*.

If, on the 1st of March next, this country stands as it does now—the North defensive and the South offensive—Washington threatened and the Southern cities free—every one will expect Europe to stretch her hands across the ocean, and acknowledge the Confederacy. Every month, therefore, is vastly important; for the conquest of the South is not the business of a day. The question lies between secession and hasty recognition. I don't believe that there is a Union man at the South worth minding, except the blacks. There are hundreds, aye, thousands of men who have Union sympathies, but they are like men carved in marble—they have not the courage to make themselves felt. The only men to count on the checkerboard, to-day, are the blacks. Two hundred years of slavery and the violation of every right man holds dear, the hoarded vengeance of six generations, make the blacks inevitably and irrevocably loyal. Whoever fails, they remain true to the banner that promises liberty and justice, if not revenge. Let our regiments penetrate the South with that message. Let Fremont descend the Mississippi, and when he falls on New Orleans, he will have half a million of men under his flag. On the contrary, what voice is it that comes from Washington? Why, the inevitable statute of confiscation was wrung from the President by half the Senate on their knees. Bull Run might have taught him what was to be done. And the New York *Herald*, which is always well posted, says, "One victory, and then offer such terms as the South never dreamed of asking." Now, it seems to be the duty of the hour to show unmistakably, by every channel by which public opinion makes itself felt, that the purpose of the Northern States, if such purpose exists, is to conquer—and conquer in the service of freedom (cheers). There are two reasons for that. One is, should the South dream of compromise—that she may see that the Constitution of '87 is at an end, and that there can be no other, except one based upon equal liberty or manhood.

We are willing to accept the challenge now made to us—a Union for slavery, or a Union without it; and we abide the issue, no matter at what cost of fire, and blood, and treasure. We will make no peace but the peace of justice (applause).

Men complain of the London *Times*. Do you suppose that the writers of that paper took their cue from reporters in these States? Why, they obtain their information from their own government; and when they say that in this war our government ignores slavery, they only speak the intelligence they receive from Washington. Lancashire and the Bank of England never base their information upon the speculations of a vagabond reporter (laughter). They base their action upon the best information which the ministers give them. And we receive back from the press of London and Paris, the news of what our government means.

The Cabinet talk of reconstructing this country as it was, but we mean to tell them it can't be done (cheers). We are to teach them that this war is the most intolerable abuse of the nineteenth century, the matchless crime of this generation, unless it means the emancipation of four millions of victims. We are to teach the Administration that thirty millions of people are not to be hurled into the hell of civil war, unless they have such a purpose as will make it the holiest crusade which the annals of the world have ever shown. It shall be a war to cut out the eating cancer which is destroying our leading men, and for which the people are ready, needing nothing but leaders (cheers).

You and I do not often see such a production as Gen. Butler's last letter from Fortress Monroe. It is the noblest document I have seen in this war. Coming from you or me, it would have been called impracticable, fanatic; but the moment it came from a democratic general—from a general who had led the troops of the North on the sacred soil of Virginia—the whole North cried out, Amen! It crystallizes the sentiment of the North into one purpose. It was a speech and an act. What we want of the Administration is an indication of a purpose—not an argument, but a proposition. Why, the ideas of the gunner are infinitely more important than his cannon. You and I are to load the muskets which we saw pass through our streets to-day with the purpose of liberty, otherwise their charge is empty powder.

Now, if the Administration takes another six months for the education of the Secretary of War in raising regiments, and the Secretary of the Treasury in raising notes, and the Secretary of State in blocking the wheels, why, then, one or two things happen. Foreign States will no longer leave it a domestic question. They will start to their feet and make certain demands. What course will the nation take then? Will she yield? Perhaps so—perhaps not. You and I think that the spirit of Cromwellian Republicanism still exists among us, and that spirit, inscribing emancipation upon its banner, will carry it to the Gulf, in defiance of all opposition, abroad or at home (cheers). But with such changing elements, no man can be sure of this.

I understand that the Minister to Vienna tells England that if she moves but one step forward from her present position, it would free every slave, and destroy every cotton crop for the next three years. I almost believe it; but, by that time, the American people will have had twelve months of war—defeats as well as victories—and may possibly admit that it would be better to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, and try to settle down into two States. I believe that the Union is the Gibralter of slavery—that the Union out of the way, slavery cannot exist for ten years. Sorry should I be to see that the leaders were wanting, and that the masses were baulked of their purpose. I should acknowledge it as the most precious boon of the present generation if the four millions of slaves would come before you daily—you who love the Union—and thus induce you to compel the Administration to do its duty.

I know that there is not the first germ of a purpose in the Cabinet at Washington—that you have to create it—that every member of the Cabinet wants some one to relieve him of the responsibility of action—some even asking God to create an insurrection which would compel them to do what they dare not on their own responsibility. Now, one of the most triumphant, useful journals has closed its lips. All over the free States, the men who should have led their party are silent. I do not arraign them; but when this dead weight of silence settles down upon a people, while we are to be whipped into liberty—that every free press should be silent, while Washington is to be shelled into liberty—are there no men to utter their sentiments boldly, in order that there may be one agglomerate purpose to hurl it on the head of the Cabinet?

You may say that I arraign the Cabinet. I do. Those six months should have witnessed the capture of Charleston and New Orleans, and the landing of 6,000 men on Sullivan's Island. Sixty days after, there would have been a jubilee in every hovel in Carolina. Instead of that, I defy the most sanguine Republican to tell me what his President means—to tell me when this war shall be conducted with anything like that vigor which a bankrupt public demands. A million a day! One hundred thousand men! Gen. Lyon—a man worth half-a-dozen victories—sacrificed to the War Department!

It is time that every press should cry out that this inhuman butchery should cease, or vindicate itself in the face of the world. In six months, England and France—the only powers that can force your Cabinet to anything like vigorous prosecution of policy—will interfere. There is one gleam, that this young general summoned, it may be, to supply the place of the General-in-Chief—Gen. McClellan (loud cheers)—may possess the military vigor that will carry us beyond this danger. There may be another, whose name is dear to the people—I mean Fremont (cheers). With Lane on his right and Montgomery on his left, he may pass down the valley of the Mississippi, and may launch a thunderbolt to announce to the government that he has freed the slaves of the South-West (continued cheering). Or it may be that the people will take it out of the government's hands, and deal with it in its own way.

It lies with the masses whether this war is to be made anything but the assertion of empire. The South has cut her own throat. She has gone into the swine (laughter)—and is rushing down into the sea (renewed laughter and applause). She has consummated her own suicide. But, assembled here as we are to-day—on the anniversary of such a birthday—we remember his deep interest in democracy itself. How proudly he counted always the millions of his countrymen! how grandly he predicted their future; To-day, therefore, we may well ask for such vigor of purpose as will save the empire unbroken, and true to its normal idea, freedom—as will allow the masses to carry out their purpose, hold all North America, and consecrate it to equal liberty. If the press is silent, where are our Senators? Where are our Republican leaders? Are there no gatherings of Northern men, that Washington may yet know it? There is a better thing that a Senator can do than drill a brigade. He can instruct a Commonwealth. He can teach the North. You should demand this of him. These leaders ought to speak to the millions. Would to God we had one man willing to take an ounce of responsibility! who would speak to twenty millions of the North, and guide them through this crisis!

What made Stephen A. Douglas wield such a power over the people? It was the pluck which he displayed. They were glad to see a man once risk an opinion, and not stop to cipher it out on the slate. We want a Curtius who will leap into the chasm—we want one who will look down from his height of leadership, and see that the people receive no injury—to carry to the President the wishes of the people; and this work must be done in the next three months (loud applause).

SPECIAL CAPITAL FOR THE FUTURE.

BUSINESS men in every section of the country are full of gloom and sadness, in consequence of the great collapse of trade. They see no prospect at present of renewed activity, because the whole strength and force of the nation is now demanded and required in the suppression of the great pro-slavery rebellion. For some years past we have been taught from pulpit and platform that the people must study that which makes for peace and prosperity without any particular regard for justice, liberty, and humanity. So long as the plantation, the loom, and the anvil could talk of thrift and gain, all would be well. Our *Journals of Commerce*, and other notorious secession sheets, have been so long teaching such infidelity, that thousands were beginning to believe them. To hold up to ridicule those who taught that God's law was supreme, and more binding than any human enactment, was their daily meat and drink year in and year out. While the seed of revolution, treason, financial distress and disaster was thus being sown broadcast, we have been asleep in our prosperity, not dreaming that an enemy was coming in upon us like a flood. God is showing us that there is something of value beside cotton, wheat, tobacco, broadcloth, or brown sheetings. We have now to reap the fruit of this modern tare-sowing husbandry, and a terrible harvest it will be—just and only what might have been expected. The cry now is and shall be, "Every man to the sickle," until this rank, poisonous, and unseemly crop of secession and rebellion against the onward progress of liberty shall be exterminated, root and branch. We are told on high authority that there is a time and season for all things, a time for peace and a time for war; and business men who have their whole lives toiled and sweated in season and out of season for "a few thousands more," may now balance their books and leisurely wait the movements of Providence. No statesman's voice can now command the waves of prosperity to roll in upon us. No sage among financiers can now prescribe the sovereign peace-remedy sure to cure our present commercial and financial ailments. We have commanded our ships, unmolested, to navigate the uttermost parts of the earth in quest of earthly treasure; but now, with another master at the helm, they must do the work of their Great Commander. We have bought, and we have sold; we have added millions to millions; we have cultivated both mountain and valley; and the cattle upon a thousand hills, and all our waving harvests, have been living witnesses alike of our labor and of our prosperity. Must we now stop all these toils, and obey the summons of our great King, the Lord of Hosts? Yea—and all the people say, Amen, and amen.

No earthly ruler could thus command and control the strong arm of millions, hush the din of business, and so suddenly prepare the way for this great conflict for freedom. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, let there now be but one calling, but one vocation; and let us shout "onward" and "forward" upon the enemy, under the direction of the God of battles, until this great and wicked rebellion shall be uprooted and exterminated. This is now the only path to permanent prosperity and true national greatness. We therefore call upon our merchant princes and business men here and elsewhere to consecrate their time and their *capital*, with their lives and sacred honor, on the altar of their country.

Such an investment now will secure an inheritance for our children and our children's children which, in value, will be beyond computation. As a business transaction it will be safe, but it has a higher and sublimer aspect in its moral bearings. It will bring a revenue of national glory and greatness worthy of the land of Washington and all the sleeping heroes of the Revolution. God bless to us *now* their sacred memory, and give us a heart to imitate them in the great struggle before us. The victory which we now expect, and devoutly pray for, will be a victory which shall be regarded by every future generation as a God-given SPECIAL CAPITAL to insure to our indivisible UNION perpetual prosperity, peace, and power.—*Com. Dep't Independent.*

THE OPPORTUNITY OF SALVATION PASSING FROM US BY DELAY.

THE imminent hazard upon us at this moment seems to be, not that the blow demanded against slavery will not finally be struck, but that it may be struck too late to save us. It is the hazard of delay. Thanks be to God, the conviction in the public mind is deepening, that only abolition *can* save us, and the demand for this is increasing rapidly. But so long as this issue is avoided, so long as the vested right of slavery is still guaranteed, our war-cry in reality is Union and slavery; let no man touch one hair of Absalom's head. If this goes on, we are lost. The time and opportunity for striking our blow are passing away. Another defeat, as at Bull Run, would be likely to precipitate France and England into the arms of the Southern Confederacy, or rather to constrain them to receive that Confederacy to their embrace. They may be tempted to break the blockade, and run the chances of that war that some of our own presses have done so much to provoke; and we think the foolbardiest among us will not imagine that with a war with Europe on our hands we could conquer this rebellion. But if we do not speedily proclaim ourselves against slavery, we may be sure that the powers of Europe will not long wait in amity upon us.

Meantime, by our madness, the control of the cotton market, and our invaluable power of wealth in commanding the supply of that article to Great Britain are passing away from us. The kingdom of cotton has gone from the South, and if this war continues awhile longer, it will have gone forever; for Great Britain will have been driven completely and finally into her own supply, and will have discovered that her degrading dependence on the South for cotton is unnecessary. But if now, striking our blow against slavery, we put a speedy end to the war by the conquest of the South, as we should do by proclaiming freedom to the slaves, we should then be able to regain at once our privilege of supplying England with cotton as the product of free labor, and we should do so much easier and cheaper than could be done by England for herself, even after all her convulsive efforts, that she would be constrained to relinquish those efforts entirely, and indeed would be perfectly willing to throw herself, as before, upon us for the supply of her cotton market; and thus a source of wealth and independence more precious to us than mines of gold would be retained by us. But a single year, nay, perhaps six months longer of this war, if the blow be not struck against slavery, will render this recovery impossible, and will forfeit the inheritance of this wealth for ever.

It is notorious that our protection of their slavery for the rebels constitutes us a great insurance company for their iniquity, and insures their own rebellion against all our efforts to put it down. They themselves make their boast of this, and they say, "We think we have this advantage of the North: while all our men are taken for the war, the blacks who are left at home carry on the agricultural pursuits, and raise all that we at home and our men in the army need to live." Thus it is on the slaves that this rebellion rests, and it is by them that it is supported and carried on, and without them in subjection it could not be continued. This is just as literally the truth, as if they were a set of material machines for the supply of munitions of war, without which the rebellious army would have to surrender at discretion, or artesian wells, without which they would perish with thirst; so that our government might just as wisely and consistently pass a decree forbidding our soldiers to take away the guns and provisions of our enemy, as forbidding them to set free their slaves. Indeed, they would be acting just as consistently if they dug wells for them, and provided them with arsenals and herds of cattle. Our government are as much bound to issue an edict taking away their slaves, as an edict taking possession of their forts and entrenchments.

Yet the insane cry is raised, and constantly reiterated, of conquering the rebellion, and letting slavery afterwards take care of itself, letting slavery alone. This is just as if, undertaking to subdue an enemy's country, and being ordered to go against a particular fortress, which is the key of the whole, and commands every post, you should say, Oh, that fortress is sacred, and our title to attack it is disputed; but let us conquer the whole country, and then we can afford to let that fortress take care of itself. Suppose there were a particular arsenal guaranteed by the Constitution to be held by South Carolina; what would be thought of the government, or of General Scott, if they should forbid that arsenal being taken, because it was against the Constitution to invade it? Or suppose a battery commanding and protecting Richmond had been named in the Constitution as forever in the power of Virginia, and it should be argued that it was unconstitutional to take that battery, but that after the war that battery would die of itself. Yet this is just the logic applied in behalf of giving to slavery a perfect immunity in this war, in order that it may have the privilege of dying at its leisure. The fact is that in this rebellion we have discovered what the old monk discovered in regard to printing, in the war against Popery; either we must root out slavery, or the rebellion, which has slavery for its backbone and vital power, will root out us.—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

THE NORTH IN WANT OF A CRY.

From The London News.

Two things especially strike the reader, the absence of that *increased* bitterness on the part of the North which had been expected as a matter of course; and the absence of anything like strong patriotic feeling on the part of the soldiers. If Fort Sumter created such a stir in the North, it was presumed that Bull Run would bring down the North on the South almost like the floods of Northern barbarians which desolated the Roman Empire. But, if anything, the reverse takes place. All who can shirk the conflict seem inclined to do so. The men of a volunteer regiment marched off, leaving their guns on the ground, the very morning of the battle, because their three months' term of service was up, and the Pennsylvanians showed the same spirit. While, as we saw yesterday, at Harper's Ferry, Gen. Patterson was hampered, and, perhaps, has lost the place again, because nineteen of his volunteer regiments had determined to leave for home, their term of service having expired. The truth is, the North has no cry worth fighting for. We almost begin to hope that a big slavery Union will not be found stimulus enough to bring the North to a hand-to-hand conflict with the South. What Lincoln is now fighting for, Europe certainly does not regard as worth the blood of many citizens; and it seems as if the Yankees themselves had somewhat of the same feeling. Let the battle be to wipe out the foul stain of slavery from the flag of the Republic, and Europe would applaud—and all the worth of the Union would stand forth as patriots.

CONVICTED OUT OF ITS OWN MOUTH.

[Bennett's *Herald* has been trying, for some time past, by adroit appeals to the prejudices and passions of the "dangerous classes," over whom it exerts a congenial influence, to raise a mob for the suppression not only of THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*, but even of *The Tribune* and *The Times*, upon the assumption—utterly false in respect of the two papers last named—that they advocate the abolition of slavery as the only means of putting down the Southern Rebellion. *The Times* turns the tables upon its lying cotemporary in a manner which cannot fail to edify our readers.]

From The Times of August 29th.

LYING AS A PROFESSION.

THE general impression of the public is, that the editor of *The Herald* is constitutionally incapable of telling the truth. It may be so; but we should feel much better satisfied of the fact, if he had ever made the attempt. But we defy any man to point to a single incident in his whole life, or a single sentence in the files of *The Herald*, from the day it was started until now, which indicates the faintest possible preference for truth over falsehood. From the beginning to the end of his career he has been steadily and unwaveringly consistent, in never telling the truth when a lie would answer his purpose half as well. This may be "constitutional," or it may be the result of calculation; but it is systematic. Whenever he has an object to accomplish, he never shows the slightest scruple as to the means of reaching it: and as in nine cases out of ten his objects are purely malignant and devilish, naturally enough falsehood and calumny are the weapons which he wields.

Bennett is just now endeavoring to stir up the elements of disorder and violence in the North, and especially in this city. He is eager for more riots—for more such mobs as compelled him, not long ago, to stop advocating the cause of secession and to hoist the Union flag. He invokes public indignation against rival newspapers, and is especially zealous in stirring up hate against *The Times* and *Tribune*. Of course he does it by lying—by falsehoods of the most barefaced and impudent sort. It would not be in character for him to tell the truth, even if that would serve his turn: so he invents the falsehood that these journals are urging the Administration to make the war, a war upon slavery.

"*They proclaim, openly, that the war which has begun can only end with universal emancipation and the elevation of the negro to a level with the white man. They rant, rave and tear, at any and everything which opposes itself to this diabolical dictum*, and insist that we are in the midst of a struggle, not to elevate and save, but to disrupt, rend asunder and overthrow. *Such teachings ought to be put a summary stop to by the Administration.*

"Neither Congress, the Cabinet, nor any local authority, however bigoted and fanatical, has dared to propose negro emancipation as the end of the present war."

That this is false, so far as *The Times* is concerned, no man living knows better than "the be-whipped and be-kicked scoundrel" of *The Herald* who writes it. He knows perfectly well that we have held exactly the opposite language—that we have repelled and repudiated the idea that this is a war of emancipation—and that, whenever correspondents have urged this view of the case, we have uniformly and emphatically expressed our dissent. But this makes not the slightest difference. He will reassert the lie to-morrow just as vigorously as when it was fresh—indeed, a good deal more so, for the longer he nurses a pet falsehood the more closely he clings to it. He falls in love with his own lying, and luxuriates with frantic delight on what would blister the forehead and blast the peace of any man who had ever known the feeling of self-respect, or had any personal character to be preserved or cared for. Bennett has the dismal advantage of being a perfect Ishmaelite—an outlaw—a pariah, whose word no human being dreams of believing, and who is therefore released from all the restraints which a decent social standing imposes upon personal and professional conduct. He can surprise nobody by any outrage upon character, and is fast losing the power even to excite public

The Herald, as a general rule—when it seeks to direct special indignation against a rival, does it by imputing to him its own villanies. Conscious apparently that what nobody dreams of stooping to censure in its columns, would ruin the reputation of any respectable journal which should publish it, *The Herald* ingeniously seeks to inflict its own character upon those whom it hates. It could not possibly do them a worse turn. It is doing precisely that thing in this case. It invokes the interposition of the government, and the summary vengeance of the mob, against *The Times*, *Tribune*, and *Independent*, for proclaiming that the war now waged "*can only end with universal emancipation.*" We have only ourselves to answer for; and, so far as we are concerned, the assertion is false. There is but one daily paper in the city, to our knowledge, which has taken this ground, and that is *The Herald* itself. When the war first broke out—almost immediately after *The Herald* had been compelled by a mob to stop its advocacy of secession and sustain the Union—it distanced *The Liberator* and THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD in its fierce demands for a war against slavery. Here are a few paragraphs clipped from its columns:

From The New York Herald, April 19.

With the secession of Virginia, there is going to be enacted on the banks of the Potomac one of the most terrible conflicts the world has ever witnessed; and *Virginia, with all her social systems, will be doomed and swept away.*

From The New York Herald, April 20.

We must also admonish the people of Maryland that we of the North have the common right of way through their State to our National Capital. But let her join the revolutionists, and *her substance will be devoured by our Northern legions as by an Arabian cloud of locusts, and her slave population will disappear in a single campaign.*

A Northern invasion of Virginia and of Kentucky, if necessary, *carrying along with it the Canadian line of African freedom*, as it must do from the very nature of civil war, will produce a powerful Union reaction. THE SLAVE POPULATION OF THE BORDER STATES WILL BE MOVED IN TWO DIRECTIONS. One branch of it, WITHOUT THE MASTERS, WILL MOVE NORTHWARD, and the other branch, with the masters, will be moved Southward, so that, by the time a Northern army will have penetrated to the centre of the border slave States, THEY WILL BE RELIEVED OF THE SUBSTANCE AND ABSTRACT RIGHTS OF SLAVE PROPERTY FOR ALL TIME TO COME.

Finally, the revolted States having appealed to the sword of revolution to redress their wrongs, may soon have to choose between submission to the Union *or the bloody extinction of slavery*, from the absence of any law, *any wish*, any power for its protection.

From The New York Herald, April 21.

By land and water, if she places herself in the attitude of rebellion, Maryland may be overrun and subdued in a single week, *including the extinction of slavery within her own borders*, for war makes its own laws.

We are less concerned about Washington than about Maryland. Loyal to the Union, she is perfectly safe, negroes and all; disloyal to the Union, she may be crushed, *including her institution of slavery.* Let her stand by the Union, and the Union will protect and respect her—slavery and all.

From The New York Herald, April 22.

Accordingly, let old Virginia begin to put her house in order, *and pack up for the removal of her half million of slaves*, for fear of the impending storm. She has invited it, and only a speedy repentance will save her from being dashed to pieces among the rocks and surging billows of this dreadful revolution.

From The New York Herald, April 23.

Virginia, next to Maryland, will be subjected to this test. She has seceded, and hence she will probably risk the breaking of every bone in her body. If so, we fear that every bone in her body will be broken, INCLUDING HER BACKBONE OF SLAVERY. The day is not far off when the Union men of the revolted States will be asked to come to the relief of their misguided brethren, for otherwise the war which they have chosen to secure their institution of slavery MAY RESULT IN WIPING IT OUT OF EXISTENCE.

From The New York Herald, April 24.

In advance of this movement, President Lincoln should issue his proclamation, guaranteeing the complete protection of all loyal Union men and their property, but warning the enemies of the government *of the dangers of confiscation, negroes included.*

If Virginia resists, the contest cannot last very long, considering *her large slave population, which will either become fugitives or take up arms against their masters.*

From The New York Herald, April 28.

That we are to have a fight, that Virginia and Maryland will form the battle-ground, and that *the Northern roughs will sweep those States with fire and sword*, is beyond peradventure. They have already been excited to the boiling point by the rich prospect of plunder held out by some of their leaders, and will not be satisfied UNLESS THEY HAVE A FARM AND A NIGGER EACH. THERE IS NO SORT OF EXAGGERATION ABOUT THESE STATEMENTS, AS THE PEOPLE OF THE BORDER STATES WILL SHORTLY ASCERTAIN TO THEIR COST. The character of the coming campaign will be vindictive, fierce, bloody, and merciless beyond parallel in ancient or modern history.

From The New York Herald, April 29.

The class of population which is recruiting in our large cities—the regiments forming for service in behalf of the Union, can never be permanently worsted. THEY WILL POUR DOWN UPON THE VILLAGES AND CITIES OF VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND, AND LEAVE A DESOLATE TRACK BEHIND THEM, and inspire terror in whatever vicinity they approach.

From The New York Herald, April 30.

It will be idle for Tennessee and Kentucky to attempt to escape from the issue, and to remain at peace, while the remainder of the country is at war. Neutrality will be considered opposition, and the result of a general frontier war will be, that *slavery, as a domestic institution of the United States, will be utterly annihilated.*

These are a few, and only a few, of the incendiary appeals daily made by *The Herald* to the passions of the North. Yet this is the paper which now invokes public wrath on other journals, upon a false imputation of using language infinitely less ferocious than that with which its own columns are filled. The fact is, *The Herald* has always been an incendiary journal and nothing else. It lives by pandering to the basest passions, and by stirring up the mob to the worst excesses. Nothing would delight its editor more than to plunge this city into riot and confusion, if only his own neck could escape the noose; and if wholesale, solid, systematic and energetic lying can accomplish the object, it will be attained.

BUT ONE WAY OUT.

From The Chicago Congregational Herald.

To our apprehension, God is fast closing every avenue to settled peace but by emancipation. And one of the most encouraging facts is that the eyes of the nation are becoming turned in that direction quite as rapidly as could have been anticipated. Some men of conservative antecedents, like Dickinson, of New York, saw this necessity from the first. But it takes time to accustom a whole people to the thought, and to make them see the necessity. It was impossible for Northern men to fathom the spirit and the desperate exigencies of the slave system and its outbreak, and consequently to comprehend the desperate nature of the struggle. We were like a policeman endeavoring to arrest a boy-ruffian, and, for the sake of his friends and for old acquaintance' sake, doing it with all possible tenderness for his person and his feelings—till all of a sudden he feels the grip on his throat and the dagger's point at his breast, and knows that it is a life-and-death grapple.

Slaveholding is simply *piracy continued.* Our people are beginning to spell out that short and easy lesson in the light of perjury, robbery, assassination, poisoning, and all the more than Algerine atrocities of this rebellion. It cannot require many more months of schooling like the last eight, to convince the dullest of us what are its essence and spirit.

Our people are also rapidly finding out that no peaceful termination of this war will be permitted now by the Slave Power, except by its thorough overthrow. The robber has thrown off the mask, and says now to the nation, "Your life or mine." Even the compromising Everett has boldly told the South, "*To be let alone* is not all you ask—but you demand a great deal more." And in his late oration he has most powerfully portrayed the impossibility of a peaceful disunion. Many men, some anti-slavery, were at first inclined to yield to the idea of a separation. But every day's experience is scattering that notion to the winds. The ferocious spirit exhibited from the first by the secessionists towards all dissentients, the invasion of Western Virginia by Eastern, the threats to put down loyal Kentucky, the foray into Missouri, the plan for capturing Washington, which was part of the *original scheme*, are convincing proofs that if by any pacification whatever our troops were disbanded to-day, to-morrow a Southern army would be on the march for Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and perhaps Chicago.

The South has sufficiently decl

thing after all, to get up peace meetings, and to declaim against the obstinacy of the North in protecting the friends of the Union and resisting the robberies and assaults of its enemies. This is esteemed a safer business than recruiting soldiers or buying horses in the free States for the rebel army, but it is equally necessary and is a part of the same grand plan. It is one way of insuring the safety of the spies and recruiting officers of the South.

If the public can be made to believe that the rebellion is innocent and resistance to it inexcusable, it will next begin to form plans for favoring the proceedings of the spies and other agents of the revolters, and for giving them an opportunity to escape. It is very likely, indeed, that the men who are concerned in getting up peace meetings have a direct understanding with the rogues who pass to and fro as the couriers of rebellion, discover and betray the plans of our generals and smuggle horses and arms over the rebel frontier. These fellows would hardly be so bold if they were not sure that their backers in the free States would give them all the aid in their power. In a conspiracy like this, the different persons concerned have each a different part to play—some as actors and others as their defenders—some to strike the blow and others to cover the retreat of those who strike it.

The aid of the press is wanted whenever a skulking agent of the rebels falls within the grasp of the government. It is wanted to declaim against the arbitrary nature of the proceeding, to bluster about personal liberty and the rights secured to all individuals under the Constitution. Without this the arrangements of the rebels would be defective in one of their main points. The government must, if possible, be brought into discredit, and then it is hoped that some portion of this discredit will reflect upon the cause in which it is engaged.

It would be a curious revelation if the secret accounts of the Confederate government could be revealed to the eye of the public. The amounts paid to spies and secret correspondents would be enormous, and scarcely less than these, in all probability, would be the aggregate of the sums paid to Northern presses and the getters-up of peace meetings.

THE CONFISCATION LAW.

[PUBLIC —No. 63.]

AN ACT to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That if, during the present or any future insurrection against the government of the United States, after the President of the United States shall have declared, by proclamation, that the laws of the United States are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the power vested in the marshals by law, any person or persons, his, her, or their agent, attorney, or employe, shall purchase or acquire, sell or give, any property of whatsoever kind or description, with intent to use or employ the same, or suffer the same to be used or employed, in aiding, abetting, or promoting such insurrection or resistance to the laws, or any person or persons engaged therein; or if any person or persons, being the owner or owners of any such property, shall knowingly use or employ, or consent to the use or employment of the same as aforesaid, all such property is hereby declared to be lawful subject of prize and capture wherever found; and it shall be the duty of the President of the United States to cause the same to be seized, confiscated, and condemned.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That such prizes and capture shall be condemned in the District or Circuit Court of the United States having jurisdiction of the amount, or in admiralty in any district in which the same may be seized, or into which they may be taken and proceedings first instituted.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That the Attorney-General, or any district attorney of the United States in which said property may at the time be, may institute the proceedings of condemnation, and in such case they shall be wholly for the benefit of the United States; or any person may file an information with such attorney, in which case the proceedings shall be for the use of such informer and the United States in equal parts.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That whenever hereafter, during the present insurrection against the government of the United States, any person claimed to be held to labor or service under the law of any State, shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or by the lawful agent of such person, to take up arms against the United States, or shall be required or vice is claimed to be due, or his lawful agent, to work or to be employed in or upon any fort, navy yard, dock, armory, ship, entrenchment, or in any military or naval service whatsoever, against the government and lawful authority of the United States, then and in every such case the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due shall forfeit his claim to such labor, any law of the State or of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter the person claiming such labor or service shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a full and sufficient answer to such claim that the person whose service or labor is claimed had been employed in hostile service against the government of the United States, contrary to the provisions of this act.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, On the 15th day of April, the President of the United States, in view of an insurrection against the laws, Constitution, and the government of the United States, which had broken out within the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, and in pursuance of an act entitled "An act to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions, and to repeal the act now in force for that purpose," approved Feb. 28, 1795, did call forth the militia to suppress said insurrection and cause the laws of the Union to be duly executed, and the insurgents have failed to disperse by the time directed by the President; and whereas, such insurrection has since broken out and yet exists within the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas; and whereas, the insurgents in all the said States claim to act under authority thereof, and such claim is not disclaimed or repudiated by the person exercising the functions of government in each State or States, or in the part or parts thereof in which combinations exist, nor has such insurrection been suppressed by said States.

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in pursuance of an act of Congress, July 13, 1861, do hereby declare that the inhabitants of the said States of Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida (except the inhabitants of that part of the State of Virginia lying west of the Alleghany Mountains, and of such other parts of that State, and the other States herein before named, as may maintain a loyal adhesion to the Union and the Constitution, or may be from time to time occupied and controlled by the forces engaged in the dispersion of said insurgents) are in a state of insurrection against the United States, and that all commercial intercourse between the same and the inhabitants thereof, with the exceptions aforesaid, and the citizens of other States and other parts of the United States is unlawful, and will remain unlawful until such insurrection shall cease or has been suppressed; that all goods and chattels, wares and merchandize, coming from any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, into other parts of the United States, without the special license and permission of the President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, or proceeding to any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, by land or water, together with the vessel or vehicle conveying the same, or conveying persons to and from said States with said exceptions, will be forfeited to the United States, and that from and after fifteen days from the issuing of this proclamation, all ships and vessels belonging in whole or in part to any citizen or inhabitant of any of said States with said exceptions, found at sea or in any port of the United States, will be forfeited to the United States, and I hereby enjoin upon all District Attorneys, Marshals, and officers of the Revenue and of the Military and Naval forces of the United States, to be vigilant in the execution of said act, and in the enforcement of the penalties and forfeitures imposed or declared by it, leaving any party who may think himself aggrieved thereby to his application to the Secretary of the Treasury for the remission of any penalty or forfeiture, which the said Secretary is authorized by law to grant, if, in his judgment, the special circumstances of any case shall require such remission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the City of Washington this 16th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1861, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

By the President. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

SOME years ago Mr. Kimwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced as his text, "In my father's house are many mansions." He had scarcely read the words when an old coon got up and said, "I tell you, folks, that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentuck, in an old log cabin, and there is but one room in the house."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

The Twenty-eighth National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary.—The exigencies of the cause having this year occasioned an earlier call for funds than usual, friends at home and abroad are entreated to advance and increase their subscriptions as far as practicable—addressing them to WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH, Esq., Treas. Am. A. S. Society, Boston.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

ACTION AND REACTION.

REACTION ever follows action as ebb succeeds to flow. It grows out of the constitution of the human mind and must always be taken into the account in all our calculations as to the course of human affairs. After the feelings and passions of the many, as of the one, have been strongly running in a particular direction, for a certain time, a revolution takes place and the tide sets as strongly the other way. Hence the great art of guiding events lies in the power of discerning just when the current of passion is running the fiercest, and to make use of it to set events sweeping onward into history in the shape that should be given them. When the flood is lost, which often offers itself but once to nations as to men, the opportunity is gone forever, and fate or chance hurries them whither it will, without the guiding bias of wisdom impressed upon them. Though, still, happily for mankind,

"That power which erring men call Chance,"

or Providence, often shapes the course of events more beneficently and more wisely than the utmost skill of human cunning and statecraft could devise.

It is on this ever-shifting tide that the prosperity of men and nations floats, and it depends sometimes upon the wisdom and skill, sometimes on the folly and ignorance, which holds the helm, whether it find a safe and permanent harbor or is wrecked on a lee-shore, as a warning to the beholders. One of these momentous tides in the affairs of men reached its flood at the time the confused elements of the Confederation were crystallizing themselves into a Nation, seventy years ago. The new Nation might then have been organized on the principle of universal freedom. If the men then governing the destinies of their generation had confronted the duty that met them boldly, and obeyed its dictates instead of meanly evading them, they might have offered up slavery as a propitiatory sacrifice upon the corner-stone of their temple of Liberty, so that it should never have cast its baleful shadow across her altar and dimmed the brightness of its blaze. Even if South Carolina and Georgia had refused to become living stones in that temple, its walls would have been all the stronger, as well as the more beautiful, for the lack of the cement of blood which they demanded as the condition of their coming into their place. And, long ago, the virtue which should have set their insolence at naught would have been rewarded by the compelled penitence in which they would have sought strength and safety by paying the price of permission to be builded into those goodly walls. But a base yielding to an apparent temporary expediency led the men who held our fortunes in their hands to let that golden flood ebb darkly away, and we have been ever since struggling with the waves of our destiny, without [illegible] tunes tossing on a troubled sea, in peril of shipwreck or of foundering. And the temple of their liberties, which they thought they had founded on an everlasting rock, we now see in danger of falling under the force of the winds and waters that beat upon it, because indeed it was builded upon the sand.

The Action of the Revolution had brought the men of 1787 to the point of considering how to make an end of slavery, the inconsistency of which with their professions and its incompatibility with their prosperity they saw as clearly as we do. They gave way under slaveholding duresse, in the hope that slavery would die a natural death or give up the ghost of its own accord. And, ever since, the Nation has been swept backward by the strong currents of Reaction, till we have seen slavery erected into the central idea of our polity and even apotheosized into a Heaven-descended divinity, to be worshipped as well as obeyed. Slowly and gradually the tide has been settling to its turn, and now Providence offers this Nation another opportunity of taking it at another flood, which may bear us on to prosperity and to glory. *Then*, it might have breathed only upon the fetters of the slave and they would have vanished into thin air. *Now*, it must sever them with the keen edge of the sword, if at all, and seek the entrance to its higher career of true freedom and genuine prosperity through the tempest and whirlwind of war and of battle. The alternative proposed to us is of freedom forever for ourselves, through the emancipation of the slaves, or a continued and aggravated political serfdom through a consenting still to help hold them in their chains. This is the awful question which demands an answer, and that speedily. The possible conduct of England and France towards the slave-drivers may hasten or retard a little the rendering of our response; but a very few brief months must extort one, of the one complexion or the other. If we are to remain one Nation, it must be by breaking the yoke from the neck of the slave or by taking it, heavier than ever, upon our own for long years, perhaps forever. Should the nation not be strong and wise enough to decide this question aright, it will be happy if it escape the degrading consequences of a wrong answer, by an ignominious yielding of its unity and an enforced consenting to the independence of the victorious rebels.

The general law of Action and Reaction holds in the lesser as well as in the greater course of things. As there are eddies and counter eddies in the great overmastering ocean-stream which sweeps them all along with it in its predestined course towards or from the shore, so there are shifting currents of policy and selfishness which seem to try to set back or check the great onward flow of affairs. The Reaction inseparable from the Action excited to such fierce activity by the breaking out of the rebellion, has already begun to make itself perceived. The unanimity which seemed to have swallowed up all trivial differences of political opinion is already broken. Though the great majority of the people of the free States are still true to the enthusiasm which inspired the great Rising of the North, the reluctant minority have begun to gather courage to show openly the malice which fear only compelled them to dissemble. The baser sort of Democrats and Bell-Everett men, who love slavery for its own sake, and who kiss the foot that spurns them gladly, so it but belong to a slave-driver, are crawling out of their holes and corners to seek some chance to spit forth their venom, if not to send it home with their fangs. Creatures who have fattened on the garbage flung to them by the slave-drivers as the price or the reward of their servility, long for fresh drippings from the political fleshpots like those of old, or, in any case, to lick the hand that dispensed it, provided it but holds a slave-whip. Political conventions, partisan newspapers, private individuals, with specious pretences and under false professions of loyalty to the nation, are conspiring the rehabilitation of slavery in its pride of place, or, failing that, to crown it with a victorious peace which should give it a controlling influence still in our affairs, through the prestige of its success.

That such a reactionary conspiracy exists, disguised under fair pretence of friendly ends, we all know—for it looks out upon us from many sheets and is heard from many directions in louder or lower tones. Its purpose is to rob the present armed resistance to slavery of all its peculiar virtue by denying that slavery has anything whatever to do with it. Though they do not yet openly take the side of the rebels, they are preparing the way for the time when they can dare to do so. To them the preservation of the integrity of the nation is subordinate to the maintenance of slavery. If the alternative of the destruction of slavery or the destruction of itself, be presented to the nation, they would have the Administration say, "Perish the nation, so slavery is safe!" Of course this civil war was not set on foot by the nation for the destruction of slavery—for it was not set on foot by the nation, at all. Equally, of course, it was set on foot by the rebels for the strengthening, for the permanence, for the extension of slavery, and if they find that by the necessities of the warfare they have invoked, slavery had to be destroyed, who but a wretch fit only to be a slave himself would pity their fate, or seek to avert it? It is from these miscreants, and from the honest plain men whom their pertinacity deludes, that the persistent denunciation of the present Cabinet is mainly heard. That Cabinet may not be in all respects the most perfect that the nation could furnish, but it is perfection itself compared with such an one as these its insidious enemies would provide in its place. And the men against whom popular odium is just now sought to be excited the most virulently, are precisely those whom the true lovers of their country desire to keep where they are. Just at this moment any material change, at least such as is most imperatively demanded, would be full of mischief. Let the people hold up the hands of their ministers rather than seek to paralyze them, for they will find in them servants more ready to do their authentic will than any that have been demanded of their successors. These outcries of Reaction are but the utterance of malignancy and concealed treason, and should be treated as such.

*FREEDOM FOR THE SLAVES OF REBELS.**

WE have supposed that the United States government would soon see the necessity for a proclamation of freedom to the slaves of those men who are now in arms against that government. We have supposed this, because it seems so plain that such a movement would help, more effectually than any thing else, in the work of overcoming the rebellion. The course of policy pursued by the present Administration has shown no care or interest whatever in behalf of the slave; and the whole history of the Republican party has shown that their opposition to the *extension* of slavery was prompted, throughout, by a regard for white men's interests—not at all for black men's rights. Our expectation, therefore, that the movement in question would be made by the government, and supported by the Republican party, proceeded not at all from the supposition that they *wished* to move in the direction of anti-slavery, but from the fact that so much of a movement in that direction would best accomplish *their* purpose, and from the belief that they would heartily unite in the readiest justifiable means of putting an end to the rebellion. We had not supposed it possible that a government which had entered upon the prosecution of a war, and which made enormous preparations of men and money to carry it on, should systematically refrain from attacking the enemy's weakest point.

The movement in question, nowever, has not yet been made. For the neglect of it we have heard the following reasons given:

1. The President must comply with his constitutional obligations.

This objection does not at all touch the case. The only constitutional obligation of the President to rebels is an obligation to subdue them, and to establish that authority of the government with which they have interfered. They have chosen to cheat, to rob, and to defy the government; to throw off their allegiance to it, and to wage war against it. Under these circumstances [illegible] regarded? How is their right (so called) to hold slaves more sacred than their right to the use of the United States mail? A power that makes war undertakes to dispose of the lives and liberty, as well as the property, of its enemies, whenever and wherever it can reach them. Why is a particular class of property (so called) to be removed from this liability, and held more sacred than the very life of him who pretends to own it?

As to the constitutional rights of *loyal* persons resident in any or all of the rebel States, the proclamation in question might amply provide for them, restricting its operation to the slaves of rebels, and providing for compensation to faithful citizens who should sustain loss of property through the necessary movements of the government, if such a pledge were deemed desirable. So far, therefore, as the Constitution is concerned, we see no objection or impediment to the measure in question, even from the Republican stand-point.

2. "Who shall carry the proclamation?" This question is presented, by a writer in last week's *Independent*, as suggesting a fatal difficulty in the way of the proposed measure.

If it is necessary to answer this question directly, we reply—The rebels will carry it, with the speed of lightning, to every part of their territory! Wherever the telegraph goes, throughout the rebel States, this news will be flashed as soon as it reaches any part of the rebel army, and steam power and horse power will send it where the lightning has not yet reached, faster than they ever carried the result of an election. All the slaveholders of the South will get this intelligence with the utmost possible promptitude. It must necessarily produce, among them, animated conversation and debate, and energetic counteracting movements. Is all this to go on, in every part of the rebel States, without the knowledge of the slaves? Must not a knowledge, more or less accurate, of the movement in question, of its cause, and of its relation to them and to their masters, begin at once among the slaves, and gain consequently more accuracy and more minuteness?

But the correspondent of *The Independent* speaks of the slaves being unarmed and unorganized, without facilities for combining together, and without any preparation or fitness to render aid in the military movements of the government. This is very true, but it is not at all to the purpose.

The measure in question looks to actual aid from emancipated slaves in carrying on the war only as a secondary matter; second in importance, and second in order of time. The writer whose objection we are considering forgets that this plan is suggested to the government not as a mode of helping the slaves, but as a method of putting down the rebellion. Its first and most effective operation would be upon the slaveholders.

The rebels have not only pursued the policy of stigmatizing the Republicans as Abolitionists, but they have constantly been haunted with the fear of incursion on some part of their Northern border, some part of their Atlantic border, or some part of their Gulf border, for the purpose of freeing the slaves. As soon as a proclamation is issued by the United States government that all men and women held as slaves by rebels are entitled to their freedom, and will be assisted by the agents of the government in taking possession of it, immediately this fear of the rebels becomes well founded. From that moment they have to expect the incursion of a force with this object on *some* part of their vast Northern, their vast Eastern, their vast Southern border, and all the States thus exposed must hold themselves prepared to meet such a demonstration. How will this new danger affect their course of policy? What will they do—what will they find indispensably and immediately necessary, to guard against it?

The secessionists, thus far, have adroitly managed to make Virginia their principal battle-ground, to concentrate within her limits the worse evils of a state of war, and to let the States which originated the whole difficulty escape with merely obstruction to their commerce, impressment of their men, and taxation of their property. Our government, thus far, have been playing into the hands of the rebel leaders, helping them to make a cat's-paw of Virginia, and favoring the policy of keeping the war where they can concentrate themselves upon it with most harm and risk to the loyalists, and least harm and risk to the several States banded in rebellion. But, as soon as the proclamation in question is issued by the government, the rebels must expect the organization of expeditions to put it in force, and must take immediate measures to provide against them. But where to expect these movements!—where to prearrange a force in opposition to them!—this is the important question for the rebels to answer. Any point left undefended may be the very point destined to attack. Each rebel State along the Northern, Eastern, and Southern borders must provide against an assault *at home*, the success of which would be (judging from their stand-point) far more disastrous than the capture of Richmond.

The organs of secession have already boasted of one great advantage which their slave system gives them in the present contest. Northern men, they say, must leave undone their accustomed work, agricultural or other, when they go to the war; so that, among us, the supply of food, and the manufacture of various needful things, must be seriously diminished, and diminished in exact proportion to the enlargement of our armies and the duration of the war. *Their* working class, on the other hand (they say) will go on working as usual, and raising their accustomed corn, cotton, sugar, and tobacco, leaving *all* the free white male citizens at liberty to march Northward to the defense of the "sacred soil of Virginia," or (if this shall, on the whole, be thought desirable), to the capture of Washington.

Now, if this boast is true—if the Gulf States and the Southern Atlantic States *have* been left with no greater force of able-bodied white men than suffices to direct the labors of a docile and contented, though unintelligent, servile population—then, as soon as President Lincoln shall issue the proclamation in question, it is obvious that each of these rebel border States, South, East, and North, must withdraw so much of their respective contributions to Jeff Davis's army as may be needful to repel a possible invasion of their own territory. Since any point may be attacked, every point must be defended; and since all these are *vital* points—since an actual union of the slaves with an emancipating regiment of the Northern army in any part of this line of thousands of miles, would change the whole aspect of the conflict, and be the beginning of certain ruin to the rebel power—each of these points must be strongly and carefully defended. Therefore, the very first effect of such a proclamation as we have supposed, would be to diminish by one-half the rebel force now threatening Washington and Maryland. At least one-half of the troops from each of the border States in question would be immediately recalled, to provide against the landing, at their respective homes, of a force offering liberty to the slaves of rebels. And when this shall have been done, and when our government, pursuing the line of policy indicated, shall have sent out a large naval expedition, under sealed orders, for *some* part of the Southern coast (thus compelling an enlargement of their defences at *each* point, and a corresponding diminution of the great army in Virginia), what is to prevent General Scott's army from taking Richmond, and from holding military possession of Virginia as well as of Maryland?

It is, then, from our expectation of energy and good judgment on the part of President Lincoln *in opposing the rebellion*—not at all from the belief that he was disposed to interfere with slavery—that we have presumed that he would assail the weak point of the enemy, and declare that so many of them as should continue to be rebels must cease to be slaveholders. To divide, that you may conquer, is a very old maxim in war. Here is a method of certainly dividing the enemy's forces. Ought not the Commander-in-chief, as a matter of course, to take it? And, as General Butler says, if this method shall be found to have the incidental effect of restoring liberty to men and women now unjustly deprived of it, is this a very serious or weighty objection?

3. But a third objection which we have heard urged against the movement in question is, that it would raise a party in the North in opposition to the government. Of the amount of weight and soundness in this objection we must speak in another paper.

* This article, it may be well to say, was written before Gen. Fremont's proclamation came to hand.

VICTORY ONLY THROUGH EMANCIPATION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

It is undeniable that the Southern rebellion is a war for slavery through the overthrow of the Federal government. Its antecedents, its inception, the speeches and official papers of Davis and Stephens, its history thus far, all show it. Slavery is not only the object of the rebellion, but it is the right arm of its strength. The slaves, by their toil, furnish the sinews of the war the rebels are waging. Without their labor they could not carry forward their project. The slaves not only till their soil and produce their supplies, but they build their fortifications, strengthen their columns, perform the menial service of their camps, and in a thousand ways contribute to their power, comfort and success. No matter how many men they put into the field, they do not weaken their agricultural force, for the whites do not labor, but almost every man who enters the Northern army is taken from some department of productive labor, and, by so much, diminishes our resources for conducting the war.

If this rebellion, therefore, is to be put down, it will be found necessary to strike the decisive blow at the vulnerable and vital point to be found in the system of slavery. Not only is this necessary to weaken the power of the rebels, but, until it is done, there cannot be that unity, enthusiasm and strength in our own effort that is equal to the task we have in hand to accomplish. There has always been a large class at the North who have believed it to be the duty of the government, at all times, to suppress slavery. To this class tens of thousands have recently been added, who, while they have had scruples as to the right of the government to do it before, believe it to be both its right and duty to do it now. They know that whatever protection the slaveholders might claim for their institution while loyal to the Constitution, now that they have *rebelled against that* Constitution, the government is not only absolved from every obligation to protect it, but is bound by its duty to the imperilled nationality—to say nothing here of its duty to the poor slaves themselves—to put an end to the curse and scourge at once and forever. When, therefore, the government rises to the level of this now almost universal feeling of the people, it will call out that unity of effort and overwhelming enthusiasm that will sweep like an avalanche of power against the rebel forces and annihilate their strength and scatter them like chaff before the whirlwind, while a mighty phalanx of eight hundred thousand emancipated and able-bodied bondmen would meet them in the rear to finish the glorious victory. But the dallying policy of the government on this subject causes the spirit of the people to flag in the contest, while the moral support of England, France, and other European governments is well nigh lost to our cause, but which a bold and decisive measure of emancipation would fully and effectually secure. Can we hope to succeed in our struggle without evoking the highest type of the heroic endeavor of the people? without calling to our side the moral force of the nations? without rallying the slaves themselves to the standard of the Union and Freedom? If it were possible to gain a bare victory over the rebel forces, and plant our standard once more on our stolen forts and arsenals, and yet leave slavery untouched and the slaveholding oligarchy in possesion of its former power, its insolence and domination and the "irrepressible conflict" would still continue, and leave us without any substantial victory or abiding peace, ever and anon to be torn by political convulsions, Kansas raids and slaveholding lynchings and outrages, until the flames of civil war become again enkindled and we resort once more to the arbitrament of the sword, with this same question confronting us for a settlement. So much for the military and political reasons for emancipation.

But there is other and higher reason to doubt even the temporary success of our arms while we endeavor to fight rebellion and at the same time preserve *for the rebel South* their darling institution—while we profess to be fighting for civilization and yet shield the sternest despotism and the vilest barbarism the world has ever known. That higher reason is found in the fact, that God still governs this world; and He has said, "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation to build and to plant it, if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good wherewith I said I would benefit them, and I will pluck them up and destroy them." He has pledged Himself to the cause of the oppressed, to "hear their cry" and to "break in pieces the oppressor." Now, while the Federal government holds its present attitude on the subject of slavery, it is as really the oppressor as the rebel South, and God will hold us to the responsibility and cause us to share the penalties of the transgression. The government has admitted the right of slavery in the States; has protected the inter-State slave trade; has assumed the duty of returning fugitives, and has ever held itself ready to quell the efforts of the slaves to throw off their bondage; and even now, its generals, fighting for the government which slavery is seeking to destroy, pledge themselves beforehand to "put down slave insurrections *with an iron hand*." Now, as before God, though constitutional obligations were piled heaven high, no government could be justified in doing these things, for His authority is supreme for governments as well as for individuals, and the nation that discards this principle and proceeds to acts of tyranny and injustice from a fancied political necessity, is on the high road to destruction, and, without repentance, its doom is inevitable.

The history of all oppressive governments in the past shows that our statement is not the utterance of fanaticism. Where is mighty Babylon, with her "golden cities," her magnificent palaces, her "hanging gardens" and boundless glory and wealth? And where is rich and luxurious Persia, with her "hundred and twenty-seven provinces" stretching "from India over to Ethiopia" and commanding armies of millions? And warlike Greece, famed for her world-wide conquests? And iron-booted and brazen-helmeted Rome, with her millions of slaves, symbolized in the vision of the old prophet by a monster beast, "dreadful and terrible, having great iron teeth, devouring and breaking in pieces and stamping the residue with his feet," where is she? And Egypt, with her atheistic King, who said, "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice to let Israel go?" and then commanded the bondmen "back to their burdens"—where is she? Where are they all? In the language of another of the old Seers, "They have all gone down to hell with their weapons of war, with their iniquities upon their bones, though they were the terror of the mighty in the land of the living." And wherefore are they fallen? They were murderous and oppressive governments—"they destroyed their land and slew their people," and according to the decree of the Almighty, He has "swept them with the besom of destruction." And shall the American government, persevering in its oppression of millions of its people, constitute the solitary exception in the history of the world of a nation escaping the just penalty of its deeds? Not till the fixed laws of God are abolished and His throne shall take the side of the oppressor.

Therefore, though the Constitution should forbid emancipation, it should nevertheless be done. But it does not forbid, it demands it. It was "ordained to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty." But apart from this, no one has attempted to deny the right of the government, now in a state of war for its very existence, to abolish slavery as a means of preserving that existence. Neither the President, nor Congress, nor the Judiciary has gainsayed this doctrine. If, therefore, the government fails now to act, where its duty is clear and its right undisputed, it must be from the most cowardly or jesuitical policy, involving the most gratuitous and, therefore, the wickedest complicity with the crime of slaveholding. We now have an opportunity thrust upon us in the Providence of God that we may be without the shadow of an excuse for not doing it—to redeem the oath, made eighty-five years ago, that, if God would give us victory over our enemy, we would found a government on the doctrine declared to be "self-evident," that "God has created all men equal, and endowed them with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." I say we made oath to do this, for when we put forth the Declaration and entered upon the struggle to make it good, we "*appealed to the Searcher of hearts for the rectitude of our intentions.*" Not having fulfilled this pledge, so solemnly made, we stand before God a perjured nation to-day. For eighty-five years we have endeavored to cement the Union with the blood of the slaves, to bind it together by laws for their capture and return to bondage, and to fortify it with compromises, leaving our oath unaccomplished; and the "*Searcher of hearts*" *has seen it.* Now behold the retribution! These bloody sacrifices to the Slave Power have whetted its appetite for dominion and cruelty, and more blood, and now it seeks to satiate itself by slaughtering the very people who have officiated at its altar in these bloody rites; not now to cement the Union, but in diabolical effort to destroy it forever. If we are not a nation of atheists, how can we hope for success in this war until we free our soul of perjury by "establishing justice and bidding the oppressed go free"? The war, itself, is a retribution for our complicity with slavery. By compromise and concession we have strengthened the Slave Power, and now it demands supreme sovereignty and lays hold of conspiracy and treason to compass its ends. This is God's law of compensation. We have "sown the wind," and now we "reap the whirlwind."

The loyal souls who take this view of the case, though they mourn over the loss of brave men slaughtered at Big Bethels and Bull Runs, and hide their faces in shame at the defeat and disgrace of our arms, yet they accept it all as a divine chastisement of the nation, and they will expect disaster upon disaster until the National government, clothed as it is with national responsibilities towards all its subjects, shall "proclaim liberty throughout ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS thereof." But instead of doing this, in the very hour of the nation's defeat, disgrace and great calamity, in which the voice of the Almighty seemed as audible as when He spoke in the "tempest and thunderings" of Sinai, Congress proceeds to declare "that the war is not for the overthrow of the institution of any State," meaning thereby slavery. One would have thought that if the bombardment of Sumter, the massacres of Big Bethel and Vienna and the assassinations of Baltimore were not enough to prevent further compromises, at least the enemy's cannon of Bull Run and the rebel barbarities of that battle scene would have silenced the voice of concession and called forth stern measures of retribution against that iniquitous system that had hatched the foul treason into existence and made strong the conspirators for their work of destruction and overthrow.

The rebellion is now so formidable, so defiant, so murderous in its character that all attempts at conciliation are not only useless, but are actually affording aid and comfort to the foe, and placing the government in the ridiculous posture of exerting itself against its own cause. This is plainly a war of slavery against freedom, of a bloated aristocracy against the equal rights and dignity of the poor and laboring many, and the government should boldly meet the enemy on his own issue and strike for the freedom of all; restore the national sovereignty wherever the slave-oligarchy has caused it to trail in the dust. How long shall we by concessions and half-measures weaken our own cause only to provoke the contempt of our foe? Strike, in the name of God, at his vulnerable point, free the slaves and let them swell the army of freedom, and thus save the lives of our brave men and prevent the utter bankruptcy of the people by bringing the war to a speedy and triumphal close. All the blood and treasure that are expended, that emancipation would save, the government is responsible for. Dare it take this responsibility any longer? Had it rather welcome bloody battles, disgraceful and ruinous defeats and the lamentation and mourning of the people than to lay its crushing hand upon that accursed thing, named human slavery? If so, God will give us battle, defeat and mourning to our full. North and South will both suffer until the one great object for which God means the war is accomplished—THE FREEDOM OF THE ENSLAVED. D. PLUMB.

New York, August 28th, 1861.

POSTPONED.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Aug. 25th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE meeting of the Friends of Human Progress in this State was adjourned to meet at this place some time the last of next month. A majority of the Committee of Arrangements, in counsel with a number of friends here, deem it best to postpone the meeting, on account of the present condition of the country, subject to the call of the Committee. Will you please give notice to that effect as soon as possible?

Yours for the true, R. B. MERRITT,
By order of Committee.

THE MEETING OF CHILDREN, at Christiana, Lancaster Co., Pa., on Sunday last, was, we are informed, an occasion of very deep interest. The meeting was called by "Uncle Joseph," but ministers of different denominations took part therein. White and colored children met on terms of equality and mingled their voices in singing. "Uncle Joseph," in his address, did not forget to remind his young auditory of their duty to the enslaved.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....LVI.

AUGUST 12th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: We begin to take comfort now as the mails come in. It is not only that the losses of the Union forces are less than were reported at first, but that the spirit of candor with which the extent of the mischief is avowed is creditable and hopeful. During our last war, everybody seemed to think us gone silly, to own our misfortunes and mismanagement as we did; but we do not regret it, and we are glad to see that you follow the same course. On the Danube and in the Crimea, the Russian loss was reported, a hundred times over, "one Cossack"; and nothing is ever known of the losses of the French, either in battle or from disease. We cannot endure the thought of the cruelty of burying away thousands of men, in an underhand way, and never letting their families know what has become of them; but Czars and Emperors, and their tools, think this is prudence, and fortitude, and many other fine things. We like much better the truer prudence and higher fortitude with which you have recognized your actual position under this great reverse, and are at once setting to work to repair it. All seem to be agreed that this event will protract the war. I do not see how it affects the main ground of expectation of a short war—the weakness of the South. If the resources of the South are as scanty as we have throughout believed, one does not see why a victory, or several victories, should improve her chances, except as far as she may capture arms, stores, etc. If the North were likely to be scared, a victory or two might make all the difference; but, if the North remains brave and steady, the collapse of the Confederates is just as much to be expected as before—no less and no more. It may be a somewhat longer conflict, from a further conviction in the North of the necessity of military training, and of obtaining good officers before new levies are committed to their charge; but this is not a new necessity, but only one that is newly perceived.

We were dreadfully shocked at first, when the details of the rout arrived. Partially seen (as by Mr. Russell) it did appear the very worst and most thoroughly disheartening flight on record; but every arrival since has improved the case; and we begin to see that you may get over it. Of the force of will in the citizens, and the spirit of self-sacrifice of the greater number of them, there can be no doubt. The fearful doubt is whether the people who choose their own rulers will ever allow those rulers to rule. If matters are not to mend in this respect there can be no confidence in a happy issue. If civilians are to put a force upon the Commander-in-Chief, and private citizens in any number are to dictate to the President or the head of any department, all calculation is set at defiance, and no reason is left for expecting good management. With us, ministers are strictly responsible to Parliament; but no minister would be obtainable if his discharge of his function were interfered with while any particular case was in progress. We should not have had the Duke of Wellington's victories, nor Ireland regenerated, nor our army and navy renovated, if the respective ministers had not been at once responsible ultimately to the people, and free, meantime, to accomplish their work in their own way. We see with satisfaction the steadiness of Congress in declining at present all discussion that can be dispensed with; and we are impelled to ask whether some appeal cannot be made to journalists and other citizens to abstain from dictation or meddling with matters in which they do not bear the responsibility.

But for the recent "turns of fate" the interest about the struggle would have subsided here to a lower point than ever before. The great interest of the case has always been the question whether the anomaly of slavery would and could be cut out of a democratic republic without destroying the organization it had so long infested. But now every effort is used by your countrymen to annihilate that source of interest. Every mail brings a bushel of letters assuring everybody that the contention has nothing whatever to do with slavery; that, in any event, nothing will be done about slavery; and that the silence of the President's message on the subject is a type of the popular mind and the national expression in the whole case. I need not tell you that your Abolitionist friends are not misled by these assurances. There are many others who believe slavery to be virtually abolished; but merely because we are henceforth to get cotton from other countries. But you must perceive that the eager and anxious assurance that slavery will remain unaffected by your civil war has deprived that war of the greater part of its interest to Englishmen. In such circumstances, you may conceive the amusement caused by the imputation that we are hypocritical about slavery, because we do not rush into partisanship with a warfare which has "nothing whatever to do with slavery."

We have a stronger expectation that slavery will be abolished by this war than that the Republic will be preserved by it. The wisest students of political philosophy and of history have the most confirmed doubts whether a democratic republic can resume its former condition after a civil war; and there are incidents in your case which aggravate the doubt very seriously. This is not the time for entering at length into these; but it can never be too early to consider the tendency of any new action, rendered necessary by the war, to preserve or weaken the essential principles of your polity. In this matter of providing money, for instance, it makes a great difference in your political prospect whether your loan is supplied at home or from abroad. It will be a strong safeguard to the democratic character of your polity if the money is supplied by the greatest number of citizens in small amounts; whereas there will probably be inexhaustible mischief from the loan being taken, to any considerable extent, in England. It is not probable that it will be subscribed for, unless terms are offered higher than would be needful at home, and high enough to attract that cupidity which, in every country, snatches at an immediate gain, at whatever ultimate risk. It does not seem likely that any American loan would now be successful in England, except by such bribery; and it is on all accounts desirable that it should not. No security for a loan under such circumstances is possible. In a democratic republic each generation may possibly repudiate the engagements, with the policy, of its predecessor; and in this particular case, it is less likely that debtor and foreign creditor should be finally satisfied with each other than that each should be full of complaints, amoun

commerce with a *chevaux-de-frise* of protection, you ought to raise your own loans at home. If you isolate yourselves in the creation of wealth, you should borrow of that wealth, and not from abroad. The capitalists will settle this matter; and we shall all be best satisfied with that method which shall most rapidly prove the pauperising operation of a protective system.

While writing, I receive my American letters and newspapers. The most extraordinary news they bring is of the continuance of the delusion (as we consider it) that England has any thoughts of acknowledging the Southern Confederacy. We have been wondering how such a notion could be entertained for an hour in the face of the established practice of our country, as well as of the absence of any such idea here; but now I see that somebody must have been hoaxing, or dreaming, or trying to be mischievous. It seems that there is a notion afloat among you that if the Confederates can maintain an army near Washington for a certain time, they will be acknowledged here. If this means recognized as a political power, and an independent State, I will venture to say that no such notion has entered anybody's head in England; and it seems incredible that it should have been gravely received across the water. Our method of recognizing any *de facto* State is plain and clear enough. We have nothing to do with it till it *is* established—that is, organized and accepted and worked by the people who constitute it. Then, when they have settled their affair, and made their State a Power among the Powers of the world, we accept their decision; in other words, acquiesce in a proved fact. How far the Confederacy is from this I need not point out; nor how irrelevant is the consideration of its maintaining a military stand for any number of weeks or months. We see no evidence that the people of the Southern States are the authors of the Confederation, or that they desire the change of rulers. It is no affair of ours at all; and our sympathies are as little in their favor as our political practice on such occasions. If it is true, as your journals seem to convey, that the blockade is not strictly enforced by the Washington government—that is surely a great folly. Every foreign country respects it while it is strictly kept, but, avowedly, no longer. As for the incessant harping on our supposed passion for cotton, and bias from that passion, I can only say that my experience and opinion are precisely those of Mr. Webb (whose letters appear to me admirable). I do not believe that anybody has acted differently, from first to last, from considerations of cotton. Your countrymen made up their minds that we should, and have all along viewed matters under that view. But I believe it to be a total mistake; and your countrymen will see this whenever they learn what has already been done towards supplying us with cotton from other fields.

If you wish for further and stronger evidence, you have only to propose the abolition of slavery as an aim of your enterprise, no less essential than the maintenance of the Union. Whenever you do that, you will see what the English do think, and feel, and care about. Whenever you do that, our people will be with the North to a man. While, instead of doing this, your citizens insist that nothing will be done about slavery, you cannot wonder that Europe is content to leave America to settle her own affairs. I believe that slavery is virtually at an end; but how can one satisfy others, in the face of your own assurances? H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1861.

I HEARD a good *and true* story the other day of a Massachusetts volunteer. He is an "old-line" Republican, an anti-slavery man of the right stamp, and has been so for ten years. Well, this Massachusetts Abolitionist, if I may call him such, has for years been aching to get an opportunity to have a good "talk" with a parcel of Southern slaves, upon their own soil. This has long been his most earnest desire, though it has not seemed probable that his desire would ever be gratified. He could argue with white men in Massachusetts, but could rarely get at the slaveholder, and never at the slave. Enlisting in one of the Bay State regiments, he was ordered to Fortress Monroe. Here he found several hundred fugitive slaves, Butler's genuine "contraband," and began to see a way in which the desire of his heart might be gratified. At last he was put in charge of two hundred of the "contraband at some earthwork, in which position he continued for several weeks, the colored people becoming greatly attached to him meanwhile. As he belonged to a three months regiment, the time at last came for him to return home, and one Saturday night he drew up his band of colored workmen, every one of whom was a slave three months before, and delivered to them "a farewell address." His time had come—the great wish of his heart was about to be gratified, for he was commencing a speech to an audience of slaves, and that, too, upon the sacred soil of Virginia, and within two hours ride of Richmond! The speech will not probably live in history, as Washington's farewell to his soldiers has done, but it was really a more wonderful event even for history than Washington's farewell. It was *the first* anti-slavery address delivered in a slave State by a white man to slaves. One thing he advised the poor fellows to do—never to become slaves again, no matter what turn the tide of affairs might take. There was no need of saying that. Every "boy" of the entire "lot" was eager to declare that wherever the Northern army at the Fortress went he would go, unless slavery was abolished in Virginia. When he came to bid them farewell, one after another cried out, "Don't forget Tom," "Don't forget Sam," "Don't forget Pete," and so on, through the entire list of "black" republicans. The Massachusetts anti-slavery man went home satisfied, and his children's children will be proud to say that their grandfather was the first white man to deliver an anti-slavery address to a slave audience upon slave soil!

Washington is again on the tenth wave of excitement. The movements of the rebels all point to an immediate attack upon this city, or the invasion of Maryland, and, of course, the successful invasion of Maryland would involve the downfall of the Capital. The Confederate troops, it is evident, are compelled to do something at once. It is impossible for them, with an empty treasury, *to wait* till the free States are tired of the war, especially as it is true that the free States are gaining most by delay in the way of preparation for a stupendous contest of arms. They cannot afford to wait, for this day, whether it be on the banks of the Potomac, in Western Virginia, or in Missouri, they are better prepared for a conflict than is the Federal Government. If, then, the rebel chiefs, Beauregard and Johnson, after advancing fifty thousand men close upon Alexandria, Arlington, and the fords thirty miles above, fall back on Manassas entrenchments, it will be a confession of weakness. They have come up for fighting purposes, there can be no doubt of that. It is quite possible that the movements of the enemy immediately across the Potomac may be feints, intended to cover an advance, above or below, across into Maryland, but it means offensive war; and if the advance is not made, it will be simply because Beauregard, upon getting a peep at our entrenchments, or a better idea of the risk of attempting to cross the Potomac, concludes to retrace his steps. The result of the capture of Washington it is perhaps needless to contemplate, and yet such a contingency is among the possibilities. If it had been taken immediately upon the heels of Bull Run, the effect would have been to arouse the passions of the North, and the bitter shame would have been atoned for. But now, after six weeks have passed away, and, to say the least, there are a hundred thousand good soldiers who can be precipitated at any given point for the defense of the Capital, if it cannot be defended, no sane man will, after its fall, believe the subjugation of the rebellion possible. But, according to present appearances, the danger is not so imminent here as it is in Missouri and Western Virginia. Colonel Blair writes to his brother, the Postmaster-General, from St. Louis, that things look badly there. As he is naturally a very hopeful man, and writes discouragingly, I conclude that there is great danger that the rebel hordes under Ben. McCullough will overrun Missouri. The Administration has shockingly blundered in leaving these points so exposed for want of good troops, but the immediate and pressing want is not men, *but good muskets*. For this want the Administration is certainly responsible. When Fremont was in London he made a conditional bargain for a hundred thousand muskets, but when he arrived here the Cabinet would not agree to recommend the government to ratify the bargain, and the result is, that to-day we are without arms, and the government would be very glad to give thirty per cent. advance on the bargain made by Mr. Fremont. It is useless, in the face of facts like this, to deny that the government has made some very serious blunders. But it is also true that every member of the Cabinet is now zealously endeavoring to atone for past deficiencies, and to put the best foot foremost.

The news from Butler's expedition to Hatteras Inlet, and Fremont's proclamation, have infused a new courage and energy into our troops. The important victory, though in itself at any ordinary time not exciting or wonderful, at *this* juncture was worth millions to the government. So many little or great reverses it has been our lot of late to endure that a success was absolutely necessary to raise the drooping spirits of our men. The capture of a new batch of rebel soldiers has done the work, and now the troops in this vicinity are in proper fighting condition, at least this is the testimony of some of our best officers.

Fremont's proclamation gives us a glimpse of what is coming. All the slaves of rebels "are hereby declared free men." By whose order? By the order of John C. Fremont. Necessity, the instinct of self-preservation, led him to do it, and it is a pleasure to know that the proclamation meets with the fullest approval by the Secretary of War and President Lincoln. It is the last hope for Missouri. Nothing but the most vigorous measures will save the State from the hell-hounds of Arkansas and Mississippi. To-day the rebels have two soldiers in it to our one—and all because we have neglected to provide against this emergency. AVON.

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE SUMMARY.—Our Great Union Organ—Bell and *Garrison*—Hamlet upon paradoxes—The savings of certain Democrats—Who are the Disunionists?—Mr. Holt halting—What the reporters left out—The speech that Mr. Everett did not make faithfully reported for THE STANDARD—Poetical justice—Practical utility—The morals of geometry—A tribute to *The Tribune*—The two policies of the same—Confusions and Indecisions—The moral extracted—Of what this letter should have treated.

BOSTON, Sept. 2, 1861.

THE whirligig of Time is bringing in revenges with a marvellous celerity. A gentleman, who was last fall of the Bell and Everett persuasion, declared the other day in my hearing, that there was in his opinion but one uncompromising, thorough-going Union journal in this city, and that one was *The Liberator*. "This was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof." For the most intelligent (if *unofficial*) members of the old conservative parties are beginning to realize that the only possible way to restore the Union is to wipe out the *cause* of the perjuries and thievings of this detestable rebellion. To subdue the insurrection without striking at the fruitful *source* of cruelty and ignorance in which it arose, must soon be recognized as the dotage of servility or the dream of a girl. In fact the Disunionists are marked, more and more plainly every day, as those who would still uphold and cherish slavery. And on getting below a certain fighting effervescence with such persons, you will often win a confession that they have no real expectation of restoring the Union; but that, after the North has obtained the prestige of a victory, they have some plan, like that of Mr. Blanchard for the dismemberment of the nation. But sagacious Democrats, strong in belief of the paramount necessity of Union, acknowledge that it can only be attained by taking advantage of the absoluteness of military rule for reconstructing Southern society on the basis of freedom. By making this our single purpose, as you well told us the other day, we should reduce the effusion of blood to a minimum, protect the weak, preserve property from devastation and finally achieve the greatest conquest on record—a conquest for the benefit of the conquered as well as our own.

You need not fear that the serenade we gave Mr. Holt last week, and the stirring response with which he favored us, had so great a tendency to put aside the real question of the hour as might superficially appear. No doubt the reception of the plucky and gallant Kentuckian was for the most part managed by those who would willingly close men's eyes to the stupendous part which slavery bears in this contest. But the nature of Mr. Holt's remarks to the crowd which surged before the Tremont House suggested sundry exclamations of a *tu quoque* character that appear not to have reached the reporterial ears. If you look over the published version of that spirited harangue, you will mark the insertion of various parenthetical cries, such as [*Good, good.*] [*Never, never.*] [*That's so! Three cheers for Kentucky!*] and the like. Now, there were other interpolations from the audience quite as significant, though not quite so clamorous as those which were put in the papers. I jotted down a few of these for you, and now furnish those passages of the speech after which they should be inserted. When Mr. Holt stigmatized the rebellion as "the cause of crime" [*Yes, the crime of slavery!*]; when he spoke of the insurgents "breathing vengeance and slaughter," and of "the fiendish tone of the Southern press" [*What has so demoralized them?*]; when he drew the picture of "the Capital subjugated and sacked," and showed that our fields and cities might be "swept over by an army, carrying in its train desolations scarcely surpassed since the Goths stabled their steeds in the palaces of the Cæsars" [*Yes, the desolations of triumphant slavery, with its premiums on ignorance, its martyrdoms for men who dare quote the language of Jefferson and Washington!*]; when he told us that we should welcome the destruction of our commerce, nay, even "wide spread bankruptcy," rather than give up the Union [*We'll do it; and we call upon you and your loyal friends in Kentucky to do your part by giving up your slaves for the same great cause—trusting to the gratitude of a rescued nation to make you that full compensation which we do not claim for our dollars and our ships*]; and finally one slight addition to the eloquent passage near the conclusion of the address: "If, therefore, we think of our lands and gold, of our merchandise and our pleasant homes (*of the protection of our slave property*) or even of the blood that courses in our veins, in contrast with the honor and integrity of our government we are lost; we shall perish suddenly, irretrievably and ignominously."

If Mr. Holt could only accept the position indicated above, there were a chance for the next Presidency such as no man ever knew before. It is provoking to think that such an opportunity will probably be thrown away. He could come forward as the uncompromising and consistent champion of Emancipation, without touching the question of the moralities or felicities of slavery *per se*. By simply taking the ground, that, as he called upon the loyal men of the North to give up their commerce and factories to put down an alarming rebellion, so he must call upon the loyal men of the South to give up that property upon which the whole strength of the rebellion depended. You probably read Mr. Everett's receptive speech—"behalf of my fellow citizens" . . . "superfluous office" . . . "Glorious Old Kentucky" . . . and rhetorical properties of a similar description. Let me give you a report of "a few pertinent remarks" which he did *not* make (but which I will not undertake to say he did not *think*) at the conclusion of the ceremonies: "*Joseph Holt, Democrat and slaveholder, you have displayed a showy heroism which has attracted and interested all men. Could it now be given you to be consistent with your own positions, and thus rise to a true patriotism, you could be put at the head of our next government with such acclamation as hailed only Washington.*" There, if you choose to snip this italicised sentence out of the next STANDARD and enclose it to the late Postmaster, you might mention that we will not ask more than our pick of the foreign missions for telling him how to do it.

It is a fine poetical justice that you Abolitionists, who have ever thought the Union less than the principles it was designed to protect, should turn out to be the only real "Union-savers" in the day of the nation's sorest trial. It only shows, what history has always shown before, that the attainment of temporal satisfactions is in inverse ratio to the exclusiveness with which they are pursued. By insisting upon the form, the substance is entirely lost; but by cleaving to the substance, it may be directed to whatever form association has hallowed. How little have men understood the practical significance of the divine precept, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

And, by the way, if one wished to prove that a straight line, as the shortest distance between two points, is as good a definition in morals as in geometry, what illustrations the two recent policies of *The Tribune* would furnish. I could hardly exaggerate the gratitude which some of the best men in New England will always feel towards that influential journal, for doing so much to save us from the disgraces that were contemplated during the last fall and winter. One can never forget the trembling apprehension with which *The Tribune* was opened in many homes after Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams thought it their duty to initiate a movement of concessions to an armed minority, of which the only logical end seemed to be the annihilation of republican institutions on this continent. Bravely *The Tribune* stood up against what was made to appear the universal sentiment of the country, and by so doing won a respect that will carry it through many assaults upon Richmond. Observe here, how the bold and independent position which a timeserver would never have chosen turns out to be the very best policy such a one could have adopted. That crisis demanded some organ in which the awakening, and to be awakened, intelligence of the North might become concrete. *The Tribune* volunteered for this position; and in a month or two, the entire force of the nation, even the New York *Herald* portion of it, was at its back. Now, at the beginning of the war, when the whole Power of Slavery (with very insignificant exception) was declared, in the language of one of its authorized spokesmen, to intend subjugation of Washington and flag-planting on Faneuil Hall, there was another crisis which called for precisely similar action. Had *The Tribune* then demanded the immediate abolition of slavery—not on your fanatical ground of justice or morality—but as an imperative war-measure to preserve the integrity of the government and to spare the blood of our white brothers embattled for its defence, it would have increased in influence as a sagacious leader, and would to-day have had a very powerful, if not triumphant, party in the rear. At the inception of the war the feeling of the moneyed classes against slavery was intense, and would have pushed on the Republicans (despite their chronic fear of being thought Abolitionists) to the true ending of the difficulty. As evidence of this conservative readiness for emancipation during last April, all who inquire can find much private and conversational testimony that cannot be publicly adduced. But the tone of intensely pro-slavery journals, obliged to yield for a time to the feelings of those they pretended to represent, is equally significant. The files of some of our New England newspapers may be consulted by any intelligent sceptic upon this point. And there was your poor *Herald*, which returns to slavery as naturally as Solomon's dog returned elsewhere, frightened, *by the real feeling of the population who supported it*, into a Garrisonian rabidness of the most distressing character. All parties then looked to *The Tribune* to lead the van. But, alas, that journal by some perverse fatality decided to go round the difficulty, as the shortest way through it. Then came the damaging mistake of the "War-Cry," which ended—we all know how. In the meantime a few late officeholders, whose entire record would be worse than useless if slavery were overthrown, had time to rally and twitch the old strings for befooling the public. Many apparently or really were guided back to their old allegiance. The bubbles of anti-slavery feeling which sought the surface found only ice above them, and no breathing-hole by which to escape. Hence, the confusion and indecision of public policy, of which such general complaint has been made. All this suggests much good counsel for the future; for other people's blunders are capable instructors if we take them rightly. *The Tribune* has done so much to educate this country, and to preserve the original spirit of its institutions, that we must allow it the privilege of nodding now and then. I remember reading somewhere of a famous ethical teacher who used occasionally to get drunk on high moral principles—he considered it the only thorough and exhaustive method of showing his pupils the infinite advantages of sobriety. Let us hope that the mistakes of our metropolitan shepherds may be sanctified in like manner to our spiritual good!

This is certainly much more of a homily than I generally send you, at least, in an epistolary form. As they say in the country, I didn't go for to do it. It was my purpose when I began this letter to make the new quarto Catalogue of our City Library my principal theme of discourse. But, somehow, I got into the Express Train which starts at all hours, and from all points in those vivid days, and rushes on without regard to Way Stations. * * X

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CHURCH FOR THE PRESENT WAR.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ALL good men are in deep mourning over the unhappy condition of our beloved country. The slaughter and the maiming of thousands of human beings on the battle-field, in this advanced period of the world's civilization, is terrible to contemplate. But who is to blame for all this? As a firm believer in the Divine origin of Christianity, I am compelled either to turn infidel to its clear teachings, or else lay the blame at the door of the "Church" of the United States.

The papers inform us that the Cherokee and Choctaw Indians both side with the South in the present rebellion against the government. The public know that these two tribes are the ones which, for about a quarter of a century, have been under the "Christianizing" influence of the American Board of Missions. And this is the upshot of that long course of training—to make out of them a couple of slaveholding peoples, ready to fight against those who expended scores of thousands of their money in missionary labor among them! Mr. Editor, the slaveholding *virus* is like that in the rattlesnake's fang. It is inevitable death to its victims. How great the crime, then, of the American Board in inoculating these savages with it, and thus making them oppressors and traitors. If Christianity is Divine in its teachings, and has the promise of its Founder that it shall conquer the lusts of the human heart, what excuse can be offered for the Church when she succumbs before the Evil One, and allows whole commonwealths and nations to grow up in the practise of slaveholding, and thus become barbarous and traitorous? When the President's fast day comes, ought not the Church to array herself in sackcloth, and put ashes on her head, and weep between the porch and the altar, for her guilty complicity in making our Southern brethren rebels and traitors? Who can doubt that, if Northern Christians and Missionary Societies had, twenty years ago, inculcated upon the South the plain teachings of the Gospel of Christ, this terrible war would not now be drinking the life's blood of our people! Is not the Gospel the mighty power of God unto the salvation of men and nations? Is it not a *remedy* for the wrong opinions and wrong practices of communities? But it has produced no effect because it has not been applied. Nay, it has been not only not applied, but its teachings have been perverted, and it has become the minister of evil! And, in consequence of this, thousands of benevolent men who detest slavery, and all the vices and crimes it engenders, and not distinguishing between the pure religion of the Son of God and the false religion of the apostate Church, have been driven into scepticism.

Mr. Editor, I fear that war, with all its dreadful effects, will rage for years in this land, for I see no signs of repenting on the part of the Church. While the religious press generally, to its credit, is patriotic, and in favor of the government in the struggle it is making for its own existence, I see no manifestation of a disposition to acknowledge its guilt in bringing on the present state of things. It still snaps and snarls at the Abolitionists, and still refuses to denounce slavery as a crime against God and humanity, which must be punished with a bloody overthrow. *The Independent*, like Joab, still thrusts its poignard into Dr. Cheever under the fifth rib, and wipes its mouth as if it had done no wrong. Loyalty to the government of the United States is the only point the religious press has reached, as a general rule, with a few exceptions. But loyalty to the throne of Jehovah—justice to downtrodden humanity, and a vindication of Christianity from the charge that it allows the sin of slaveholding, are ideas to which they have not attained. If a holy and just God rules this lower world, how can we have peace and prosperity as a nation unless we undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free?

A PRESBYTERIAN.

FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION IN ENGLAND.—*The Herald* appears to think that Fremont's proclamation, declaring free the slaves of rebel masters, will have a marked effect in England. It says: "This manifesto will be apt to stir up the anti-slavery enthusiasm of England to such a degree as to endanger the cotton Cabinet of Lords Palmerston and Russell, and the present cotton party supporting it. This very party has done its full share in the work of bringing about this Southern rebellion, by preaching and intriguing in every way against Southern slavery for the last thirty years. Now, when the issue is reduced to cotton or conscience, John Bull has a hankering for cotton; but Fremont's proclamation will be very apt to rouse up the conscience of England as it has never been aroused before. Let us wait and see."

Chronicles of the War.

Important Naval Victory.

THE formidable Naval Expedition, which left Fortress Monroe on Monday, Aug. 26th, under command of Commodore Stringham, with a land force of 900 men under Gen. Butler, has accomplished its object in the capture of Forts Clark and Hatteras, commanding the mouth of Hatteras Inlet, N. C. These forts have been erected by the rebels since the commencement of the war, and under the protection which they afforded, Pamlico, Albemarle and the connecting Sounds had become the rendezvous of privateers. The character of the coast makes a blockade impossible, hence the capture of the forts was a measure of great importance.

The intention was that the land force under Gen. Butler should advance upon the forts while the bombardment from the sea was going on, but this intention was partially defeated in consequence of the high surf, which made it impossible to land more than 300 of the men. Gen. Butler was among those left behind. The bombardment began on Wednesday, the 28th, the Minnesota opening fire at a distance of 2½ miles. In three hours the flag on Fort Clark came down, the rebels retreating to Fort Hatteras, a larger work, a short distance below. Our land force immediately occupied Fort Clark, running up the stars and stripes from the ramparts. Unfortunately mistaking the flag, or not aware that our men had landed, some of the ships sent several shells in among them, but without injuring any one. The fleet commenced an attack upon Fort Hatteras, but night came on before the work was finished. On Thursday morning the attack was renewed, and in 3½ hours a white flag was displayed on the fort. The officers of the land force then entered the fort, when Commodore Barron (formerly of the U. S. Navy) offered to surrender with all the munitions of war, the officers to be allowed to go out with side arms, and the men without arms to retire. These terms, being presented to Gen. Butler, were rejected, with a demand for full capitulation, the officers and men to be treated as prisoners of war. Commodore Barron assented, and was taken to the Minnesota, where the articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed. The rebels soon afterwards marched out of the fort, while the Union troops, all of whom had now been landed, marched in and paraded on the parapet. The stars and stripes were raised amid the wildest cheering, the band playing Yankee Doodle.

The prisoners number 715 men, 45 of whom are officers, some of them persons of distinction at the South. Not a life was lost, nor was any one wounded, on our side. Eight rebels were killed and 35 wounded. The wounded were taken to Annapolis; the rest of the prisoners were brought to New York by the Minnesota, which arrived on Monday. We took 1,000 stand of arms, 75 kegs of powder, 5 stand of colors, and 31 pieces of cannon, including one 10-inch columbiad, a brig loaded with cotton, a sloop loaded with provisions and stores, two light boats, 150 bags of coffee, and important military correspondence of the rebels, throwing light on their plans.

By the possession of this point the insurgents are cut off, in a great degree, from all egress or ingress seaward through North Carolina and Virginia, and by way of the two broad inland seas, extending nearly from Cape Henry to Cape Lookout. The navigation of these waters leaving open Newbern, Norfolk, and other ports, whereby their intercourse with the interior was uninterrupted through the Albemarle and Dismal Swamp Canals, and the various rivers which empty into the Sounds, has been of vast importance to the rebels, and they have used them with the greatest diligence, for months past, to send their own products to a profitable market, and to receive from various sources arms, provisions, and much else needful to a vigorous prosecution of the rebellion.

Among the papers taken was an official statement from the late American Consul at Rio Janeiro, giving a list of vessels bound for ports of the United States then loading in that port, with a full description of their cargoes. Proceeding upon this information, the rebels have captured several of these vessels, as appeared from the records of their local operations and from other evidence. The name of the consul, who is a candidate for the gallows, is Robert G. Scott, Jr. He was born in Georgia, and was appointed from Virginia. He is now on his way home, his successor having been already appointed. There were found, also, official plans and elaborate drawings of their fortifications, and a full official letter-book of Gen. Guyon, commander of that department. Another document from the Navy Agent at Norfolk states that all the guns and fuses there have now been distributed, so that the yard has no further supplies. A report from the engineer of the fort speaks of it as finished and impregnable.

The prisoners manifested great surprise at falling into Uncle Sam's hands, from whose grasp they had believed themselves perfectly secure. The rank and file were equally astonished to find that they were fed and sheltered, instead of being slaughtered in cold blood.

The officers felt keenly the miscarriage, and did not hesitate to say that North Carolina had got a severe blow. All manifested great anxiety to know what was to be done with them, and were assured that they were going among better friends than they had at home, and where they would receive full rations regularly. The last consideration seemed to afford great satisfaction to the privates. When the capitulation took place, the provisions of the garrison were running very low, consisting principally of salt junk and molasses.

When the prisoners were taken on board the Adelaide the call for water was universal, and their thirst appeared unquenchable. All the ice on board was used up in a twinkling. The prisoners said they had had no water fit to drink since they had been in the fort. They were perfectly exhausted, and could lie down anywhere for a nap.

The prisoners, on their arrival in New York, looked as if they had not been very comfortably provided for by the Confederate States Government. Besides being dirty, many of them appeared to be very short of clothing. They were lying about the decks, looking out at the ports, some with their water-flasks slung over their shoulders, some with blue flannel, some with dirty white, some with gray flannel, and some with checked shirts, and an indescribable variety of hats and caps. Most of them were either barefooted or near it. The use of razors seems to be unknown to the majority of them, and their unshorn hair adds much to the disagreeable appearance of the motley crowd. Many of them claim that they were impressed into the Confederate service, and state that they are good Union men, but to save their lives they were obliged to take up arms for the Confederacy. Most of the common soldiers say that they are glad that they have been taken prisoners.

Important Proclamation of Gen. Fremont.

THE following proclamation, though not all that is desirable, is an important step in the right direction. It has given more satisfaction to the people of the North than even the capture of the North Carolina forts. The St Louis *Republican*, heretofore a bitter Democratic paper, endorses it unqualifiedly:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 31, 1861.

Circumstances, in my judgment of sufficient urgency, render it necessary that the Commanding General of this Department should assume the administrative powers of the State. Its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authority, the total insecurity of life, and the devastation of property by bands of murderers and marauders who infest nearly every county in the State and avail themselves of the public misfortunes and the vicinity of a hostile force to gratify private and neighborhood vengeance, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder, finally demand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and outrages which are driving off the inhabitants and ruining the State. In this condition the public safety and the success of our arms require unity of purpose, without let or hindrance, to the prompt administration of affairs.

In order, therefore, to suppress disorders, to maintain as far as now practicable the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend, and declare established, martial law throughout the State of Missouri. The lines of the army of occupation in this State are for the present declared to extend from Leavenworth by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla, and Ironton to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi River.

All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free.

All persons who shall be proven to have destroyed, after the publication of this order, railroad tracks, bridges or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring aid to the enemies of the United States, in disturbing the public tranquility, by creating and circulating false reports or incendiary documents, are in their own interest warned that they are exposing themselves.

All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are required to return to their homes forthwith; any such absence without sufficient cause will be held to be presumptive evidence against them.

The object of this declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and to supply such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand. But it is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner, and with their customary authority while the same can be peaceably exercised.

The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and in his efforts for their safety, hopes to obtain not only the acquiescence, but the active support of the people of the country.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

The Battle at Summerville, Va.

On the 26th ult. a battle took place at Summerville, Va., in the Kanawha Valley. The 7th Ohio Regiment, Col. Tyler, while quietly breakfasting, their baggage train being about three miles in their rear, were suddenly surrounded by a force of rebels, supposed to be commanded by Gen. Floyd, numbering 3,000 infantry, 400 cavalry, and having 10 guns. The attack on the Ohio boys was made on both flanks and in front simultaneously. After a brave fight, lasting some time, Col. Tyler, finding the enemy too strong for him, ordered the approaching baggage train to be turned back toward Gauley bridge. The regiment, numbering only 900 men, then fought their way out of the force that with such fearful odds hemmed them in, making terrible havoc among the rebels. The number of our killed we have not learned; the missing number 200. The loss on the side of the rebels must have been very great, as the slaughter was tremendous.

Wreck of the Privateer Jeff. Davis.

The privateer Jeff. Davis was totally wrecked off St. Augustine, Florida, on the 18th ult. The crew escaped with their clothing and small arms, and were welcomed at St. Augustine by the ringing of the town bells.

Desperate Condition of the Rebel Soldiers.

Rebel soldiers from Richmond have written letters to friends at the North giving a gloomy picture of the condition of the Southern army. Great destitution and dissatisfaction prevail among them, and they are badly clothed and poorly fed. Some of them have been forced to steal skins from tanners to wrap themselves in. They also steal horses and other valuable property from the private citizens about, and much feeling is thus excited. Their spirits are kept up by lies to the effect that the National army in and about Washington numbers only 30,000 men, and that recruiting at the North is difficult.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

NEGROES BURNED.—Five negroes, at the instigation of two white men, murdered Mr. Gibson, an overseer in Monroe County, Ala., on the 24th ult. They were burned at the stake for the crime.—*Louisville Courier.*

A CONTRABAND SURRENDERS.—A contraband named Isaac Bennett, belonging to a Virginian residing near Fall's Church, came on the 29th, to our pickets, near Mount Olivet Church, and gave himself up. He was mounted on a splendid horse. He stated that everywhere in the vicinity the slaves were being impressed into the service of the rebels and put under arms. His uncle, also a slave, was serving as a soldier at Manassas; and he preferred, if he must fight, to be on this side.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

MORE RUNAWAYS.—A letter from on board the U. S. blockading steamer, Rhode Island, of the 8th ult. says: "On the 4th inst., we came to anchor off Charleston harbor, where we found the frigate Roanoke, steam gunboat Seminole and sloop Vandalia. About noon a small object was discovered by the quartermaster on watch, which he supposed to be a duck—but on closer inspection it proved to be a small boat approaching us from shore. The boat contained two runaway slaves, who reported that they had left James Island the night before, and that they belonged to Mr. Lawton. They were stalwart looking darkies, and one of them quite intelligent. On questioning them as to the cause of their deserting their master, they said, "He whipped them too much, and they could not stand it." After devouring about six pounds of duff, we sent them on board the Roanoke. They were sent back to us again, and put in the engineer's department, where they will be useful as coal passers. They report very few soldiers at Charleston."

AN ARRIVAL.—We record the arrival here of another contraband. He hails from about one mile from Lexington, Mo., was recently the property of Henry Wallace, Secessionist, and rejoices in the same name as his late master. We doubt whether Henry, Southern "Secesh," will ever control Henry, Northern "Secesh," again. Quite a loss, too—nineteen years old only, sound and strong. "Our" Henry is decidedly the best man of the two. A while ago he placed Col. White, commanding Home Guards, Lexington, in possession of a lot of traitor powder in his master's house. Henry had the honor of daily driving Ex-Gov. Jackson out when he was last at Lexington, for Jackson was his master's guest. Henry figured as a waggon-driver at Carthage fight. He thinks well of the "Abolitionists," only they don't kill the traitors fast enough. Intimations of an intended removal South did the business. He'd been earning his master $200 a year for ten years—hiring his own time for that price—and Secesh must regret the loss. Harry doesn't, though!—*Leavenworth Conservative, Aug.* 22.

THE LEAVEN WORKING.—The Maine *Evangelist* copies Rev. G. Haven's description of Gen. Lee's Negro Quarters and adds:

"Mrs. Charles Clark, of Auburn, visited Gen. Lee's negro quarters, on her recent visit to Washington, and informs us that she conversed with the slaves referred to above. The old negro, who was the coachman of Gen. Lee, said he was 75 years old, and when he informed Mrs. C. that he should be free in ten months, he seemed as pleased as could be. In the room over the old negro's quarters, there was a young mulatto girl and an old negress, who were gentle and lady-like in their manners. The room was neat, and Mrs. C. saw tracts, testaments and hymn books, and on opening one of the books, she discovered several selections cut from the newspapers, two of which she took. These selections are both poems—one entitled 'The Home of Freedom,' and the other 'The American Girl.' In the same room Mrs. C. saw a young negro about 25 years of age, who said he had purchased his freedom, paying $1,500. In reply to a question as to what he was going to do, he replied with much earnestness that he could get his living as well as white men."

THE MEASURE FOR THE HOUR.—The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, speaking of the naval expedition lately sent from Old Point, says: "The more they invade the South, under this limitation, and the more they harass and alarm the enemy, the better. And if they raise the stars and stripes on every eligible position on the Southern coast, and call upon all loyal men, black and white, to come forward and swear fealty to the government, and be armed for its defence, they will do a better thing than has yet been done. Is this a demand for insurrection? I deny it. I say it is the way to *prevent* insurrection. If the war continues many months, and if our armies penetrate the Southern country, we have got to ORGANIZE SLAVERY; organize it so as to protect the whole South from anarchy. Is not a black regiment, armed with muskets and rifles, officered by United States men, better than a rabble of frenzied slaves, armed with hatchets and knives and scythes? And the war cannot continue a year without having one or the other. Are we so tender of slavery, this anomaly and excrescence in our otherwise free republic, that we are going to sacrifice, not only the government and the principles of the free States, but the safety of the white women and children of the Southern States, for the sake of protecting it? I cannot believe we shall much longer be so demented."

A SLAVE SAVING A WHOLE REGIMENT BY PRAYER.—We should not be surprised to learn that the price of praying slaves had gone up since the following incident was made public. Its narration appears in a late number of the Richmond (Va.) *Examiner*. The writer, in speaking of a visit to the colored Methodist church of that city, says:

"Rev. Mr. Nolly, the pastor, preached from Prov. iii: 6 an appropriate sermon. The following incident of the battle of Manassas was told to his colored hearers with a simplicity becoming his audience, and evidently affecting them deeply.

"He said that there are many facts and incidents connected with our late victory at Manassas which show that the hand of the Lord directed on that occasion. But that which will strike you most forcibly, is the following. You remember that there was a pious servant connected with the Washington Artillery, from the city of New Orleans, which was quartered near this city several weeks before they proceeded to the field of battle. You remember how fervently he prayed that the Lord would protect *his* company when they might go into the field, and 'give them the victory.' You remember how earnestly he begged an interest in your prayers, to the same effect. This company was engaged in that battle on Sunday last. They were in the thickest of the fight. But of the six-hundred of which they were composed, *only one* lost his life! Surely, the prayers of this pious servant, in connection with yours and thousands of others were heard in securing the Divine interposition on that occasion; and it is proper that we all unite in grateful acknowledgment of it."

WHAT THE SLAVES THINK OF FREMONT.—It will be generally recollected that shortly after the election in 1856, the Tennessee papers gave accounts of a threatened insurrection among the slaves of a portion of the State, and that the insurrection was induced by the supposition prevalent among the blacks that Fremont was coming up the river backed by a large army, for the purpose of liberating all the slaves. The exact details of this insurrectionary movement were never fully published; but it was known that many slaves were summarily tried and found guilty, some being executed and others being sent further South.

From well-authenticated sources, it is ascertained that the superstition of 1856 has been revived; that the presence of Fremont at the head of the Western forces is already known to the negroes, and that his reappearance is hailed as a sure precursor of their liberation. This feeling has spread rapidly within the last month, and it is attracting great attention and exciting much alarm among the whites of those districts where there is a large proportion of slaves. My informant assures me that once the name of Fremont is connected with any victory over the rebels, or that he is known to be in the State of Tennessee or Mississippi, the negroes will at once rise in rebellion. It is said that the fear of this danger at their own thresholds induced the rebels to take the offensive in Missouri, and to keep the battle-field, as far as possible, from the eager and watching negroes.—*Anglo-African.*

HOW MUCH SLAVES ARE WORTH IN WAR.—The Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser* rejoices over the immense service of the slaves to the rebels as follows:

"The total white population of the eleven States now comprising the Confederacy is between five and six millions, and, therefore, to fill up the ranks of the proposed army about ten per cent. of the entire white population will be required. In any other country than our own such a draft could not be met; but the Southern States can furnish that number of men and still not leave the material interests of the country in a suffering condition. Those who are incapacitated for bearing arms can oversee the plantations, and the negroes can go on undisturbed in their usual labors. In the North the case is different; the men who join the army of subjugation are the laborers, the producers and the factory operatives. Nearly every man in that section, especially those from the rural districts, leaves some branch of industry to suffer during his absence.

"The institution of slavery in the South alone enables her to place in the field a force so much larger in proportion to her white population than the North, or indeed than any country which is dependent entirely on free labor. The institution is a tower of strength to the South, particularly in the present crisis, and our enemies will be likely to find that the 'moral cancer,' about which their orators are so fond of prating, is really one of the most effective weapons employed against them by the South. Whatever number of men may be needed for this war we are confident our people stand ready to furn

Miscellaneous Department.

WHEN THOU SLEEPEST.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

When thou sleepest, lulled in night,
Art thou lost in vacancy?
Does no silent inward light,
Softly breaking, fall on thee?
Does no dream on quiet wing
Float a moment mid that ray,
Touch some answering mental string,
Wake a note and pass away?

When thou watchest, as the hours,
Mute and blind, are speeding on,
O'er that rayless path, where lowers
Muffled midnight, black and lone;
Comes there nothing hovering near,
Thought or half reality,
Whispering marvels in thine ear,
Every word a mystery;

Chanting low an ancient lay,
Every plaintive note a spell,
Clearing memory's clouds away,
Showing scenes thy heart loves well?
Songs forgot, in childhood sung,
Airs in youth beloved and known,
Whispered by that airy tongue,
Once again are made thine own.

Be it dream in haunted sleep,
Be it thought in vigil lone,
Drink'st thou not a rapture deep
From the feeling, 'tis thine own?
All thine own; thou need'st not tell
What bright form thy slumber blest;
All thine own; remember well
Night and shade were round thy rest.

Nothing looked upon thy bed
Save the lonely watch-light's gleam;
Not a whisper, not a tread
Scared thy spirit's glorious dream.
Sometimes, when the midnight gale
Breathed a moan and then was still,
Seemed the spell of thought to fail,
Checked by one ecstatic thrill;

Felt as all external things,
Robed in moonlight, smote thine eye;
Then thy spirit's waiting wings
Quivered, trembled, spread to fly;
Then th' aspirer, wildly swelling,
Looked where, mid transcendency,
Star to star was mutely telling
Heaven's resolve and fate's decree.

Oh! it longed for holier fire
Than this spark in earthly shrine;
Oh! it soared, and higher, higher,
Sought to reach a home divine.
Hopeless quest! soon weak and weary
Flagged the pinion, drooped the plume,
And again in sadness dreary
Came the baffled wanderer home.

And again it turned for soothing
To th' unfinished broken dream;
While, the ruffled current smoothing,
Thought rolled on her startled stream.
I have felt this cherished feeling,
Sweet and known to none but me;
Still I felt it nightly healing
Each dark day's despondency.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

The grim old wheel of torture runs no longer; that ill-omened engine is out of gear now and forever; and the crowding spectators gaze no more with pitiless, curious eyes, as the huge wheel turns, and the iron crow-bars rise and fall, smashing bone and flesh, and muscle and sinew, and all of humanity that crnelty had power over, into a mass of crimson pulp. Heaven be praised, that gory plot is wiped away from the codes of civilized Europe, for good and all! Even the crowned tormentor who last wore the sullied diadem of Naples, seems to have left the wheel out of his frightful list of secret barbarities. In Britain, the *roue*, that ugly invention of the middle ages, so fertile in new punishments, never seems to have disgraced the soil: but there are old folks still amongst us who were living when the hideous instrument was last used in Paris, and who were verging on middle age before Germany gave up the grisly plaything. Once, it was a panacea for the cure of all audacious crime. Murder, sacrilege, highway robbery, espial of State secrets, the theft of a few pennyworth of the property of mother-church—these, and many another offence, black, or white, or party-colored, according to the mood of the judges, brought the wheel into action. It did not always spare men of high birth, allied to sovereign families, as witness the Count de Horn. Wisdom and talent, and great services could not avert it, as in the case of Perez, prime-minister of Spain. It was not prone to spare youth, or innocence, or untaught ignorance that was below the instinct brutes possess. And it was a joyous holiday for the demoralized people, when Monsieur of Paris, or Monsieur of Ratisbon, or Monsieur of Cologne or Madrid, had arranged the scaffold of dull red planks, and bound the victim, neck and heels, to the fell engine, and stood by in his scarlet cap and serge dress, crow-bar in hand, and his muscular arms bared, ready to strike the first crushing stroke, as the heavy wheel ran round.

All that is over now. Crime is lessened; the ghastly scarecrows, the dreadful sights of suffering, by which our ancestors tried to tame the stubborn nature of mankind, are given up as worse than useless; and society is none the less secure because the hearts of judge and jailer, and honest folks, and offenders, too, maybe, are softer than they were in the dark days that are gone. Why, then, have I resuscitated that dead and buried Palladium of ante-revolutionary Europe? Why dragged that ugly phantom out of the darkness of oblivion? It is because certain potentates, whose dominions lie in the fair and frequented Rhineland, adhere to ancient practice, and have revived the old institution, the old wheel, in a new form, and one more adapted to the refined age we live in. It is true that the multitudes who gather to witness the executions are not brutalized or shocked by horrid spectacles, by fearful sights and lacerations, by groans and dying agonies. No; the tyrants are wiser; their hecatombs of captives are crowned with flowers, seated at gay banquets, and immolated to soft music.

The victims, too, are not the grossly ignorant, the starving, the wretch nursed in vicious ways, and who never learned to look on law except as a scourge prepared for him, and a trap to catch him; they are self-sentenced, self-selected; they come smiling to where Juggernaut sits leering in his flower-adorned car, and throw themselves under the gigantic gilt wheels, from which all previous stains have been carefully removed by the officiating Brahmins. Crunch! go their silly bones, and the car rolls on, and the priests whisk away the betraying spots with their cambric kerchiefs, and apply a layer of fresh gold-leaf, and Juggernaut still leers with the old wooden smile, and see! how the victims troop merrily to the sacrifice. These Rhineland princes that I speak of, these revivers of the wheel in a new and improved form, warranted to break hearts, bruise spirits, and utterly destroy prospects, character, and fair fame, without damage to externals or violation of the proprieties of life, are just as cruel as their predecessors the French provincial parliaments, the judges of Paris, Hamburg, Geneva, the grafs and bishops of Westphalia. Nay, they are more cruel, for what the old society of Europe inflicted out of rank cowardice, out of bull-headed blundering, out of that want of sympathy that makes children torture an insect or maltreat an animal, these modern rulers perpetrate for profit's sake. It is all done for so much per cent.—a very handsome percentage, I grant! One of these potentates is called Prince Benazet, and he reigns over the beautiful vale of Baden-baden; another, still more renowned, is Prince Blanc, Lord of Homburg on the Mounts, and to *his* wheel resort more culprits than to any other. There are minor wheels at Ems, at Kissingen, at Wiesbaden, at Spa, and elsewhere. At Aix-les-Bains in Savoy, at Aix-la-Chapelle in Prussia, at Lucca, and at Paris, similar princes, now dethroned, held a lucrative, if ignoble sway. Lastly, the pettiest of all petty sovereigns, he of Monaco, has consented to share the rocky garden he calls his dominions, down by the violet Mediterranean, with a princeling of the same description. But the genuine successors of the old robbers of the Rhine are their Highnesses Benazet and Blanc, knights of the Order of the Fleece, and commanders of the fraternity of Mammon. These magnates, ruthless rulers both, and equally renowned for breaking men, body and soul, on their wheels of torture, are yet rivals of each other. If one of them accomplishes some ghastly execution, the other will strive to eclipse it. These two run a race of mischief over a course paved with gold and strewed with the bones of victims.

Prince Benazet has the fairest domains; his sceptre extends over the sweetest valley that Rhineland boasts, for Baden is the Paradise of Germany, and the capital of this modern despot is pitched in the midst of an amphitheatre of encircling hills, clothed from base to summit with rustling oaks, black pines, green birches, and great elms and sycamores, whose boughs murmur afar off in summer with a pleasant rippling sound, as of running water. Heavy and rich woodlands lie below, almost cumbering the vale with the teeming abundance of gnarled stems and massive foliage; the stream that wanders past, tinkling over the pebbly bed, is spanned by pretty bridges, urged over pretty cascades, trained to wander through still prettier gardens, treasured up and made the most of, for purposes of pure ornament. No sordid usefulness, no politico-economic drudgery, is demanded of that stream that flows from Lichtenthal to Baden and the Oos. The gentle slave has no mills to turn, no toil to undertake, and needs but to serpentine gracefully among deep woods, and blooming flowers, and white paths made for the tread of laughing children and fair women, and to bear milk-white swans upon its limpid surface. It is a show-stream. The forest is a show-forest. The mountains, even, have been pressed into service, and are show-mountains. There is something theatrical in their sharp volcanic cones, and bold peaks, and exuberantly timbered sides. Then see! how tastefully the hill-tops are crowned, here by a temple of Apollo, there by a gray Gothic *Schloss*, an old, old wreck of the feudal times, when castles were, and clubs were not. The emerald meadows, so bestarred with the silver and gold of daisies and butter-cups, are show-meadows—the browsing kine are the handsomest of their sort; the rustic villages have quite a stage-effect in their wondrous trimness of porch, and gable, and garden: their matrons and white-bearded patriarchs seem furnished from the property-room; their maidens to be stage *Rosieres* in impossible bodices and tight shoes; and their pet goats to be the highly trained pupils of some Howes and Cushing. The same remark applies to the roads and paths laid out through the umbrageous forests, shaded from the sun by the interlacing boughs. They are too smooth, and broad, and white, too carefully shaded and screened, for common use; every pebble seems selected, the sand smooth enough for the feet of Amphitrite, the trees thinned away judiciously at intervals to give a framework to some point of view; here a Swiss cottage, there a rural shrine of the Madonna, before which, when the Angelus or Vesper sounds, peasants clad in operatic attire kneel and pray, with bowed heads and shaded eyes. The little town itself might almost be the product of a stage-carpenter's industry, with its pavilions, more or less sumptuous, where strangers are lodged; its gay booths, rather stalls than shops, glittering with trinkets, gaudy wares, and general finery; its fountains and groves; its gardens and tinselly palaces, where the marble and stone look like cunning imitations in paint and canvas; nay, the hoary castle on the hill that rises above the roofs, looks beautifully unreal—a clever exemplification of Mr. Brush's talent for scene-painting.

But this toy-town is filled, for, some three months of summer, with real *bona-fide* men and women from the great flesh-and-blood world, the working, full-sized, down-right world, that lies beyond the fairy realms of the Prince Benazet, where everything seems to be for ornament, and industry has no place. And here we are at Benazet's palace—along low building of little architectural beauty, and we feel a little disappointed at first. Benazet has not shown as much gorgeous taste in his dwelling as some of his brother-princelings. Blanc, who rules at Homburg on the Mounts, has built him a palatial residence, splendid to look upon, quite a Golden House of Nero in its way; and has forced the rugged hill it stands on to bloom into acres upon acres of parterre, and terraced shrubbery, and velvet lawn. The potentate who governs Wiesbaden, turn and turn about with His Transparency of Nassau, has a sumptuous abode also, with gardens worthy a king's dwelling-place, and a pretty lake which stretches past the palace, with its snowy swans, and fat golden carp, ever on the watch for eleemosynary biscuit, and colonnades beneath whose majestic shadow the jewellers and dealers in gimcracks exhibit their temptations, and wonderful beds of many colored flowers, from amid which, out of masses of blossoms, and green moss, and rock-work, and marble statuary, spout fantastic fountains, that fling their liberal spray over moss and marble, and shine like liquid rainbows in the western sun. Yet Prince Benazet of Baden has a pretty palace too, and fair gardens, and the forest sets off the one and the other by the dark green of its massy framework. Then, too, what charming avenues of perfumed lime-trees stretch in front of the prince's residence; and under these trees saunter, or lounge, or stand, great crowds of the gayest, and the richest, and the idlest, and most noble, as well as of the worst, and wickedest, most desperate and needy, of the dwellers in European cities. There they are, peer and prince, and adventurer, and high-born dame, and actress of the *Variétés*, and warrior, and *chevalier d'industrie*, all gathered by the same mighty magnet, all candidates for a place at the Baden torture-wheel. A superb band is playing the sweetest music of Italy with all the correctness of taste and tune that Germany can boast. No niggard is Benazet to his motley guests. He culls talent far and near, he spares no cost to make up his admirable orchestra, and his victims are at any rate soothed by the most dulcet strains of Mendelssohn and Rossini. One day, the Austrian military band from the fort of Rastadt supplies the liberal modicum of harmony; the next, the ears of the company are tickled by the musicians of the Guards from Carlsruhe; and then comes the turn of the prince's own band, veterans of the orchestra, combined with panting, wild-eyed, long-haired young enthusiasts, who blow their very hearts and souls through the resounding brass. Certainly, if Benazet, like the giant Blunderbore, grinds the bones of Englishmen, and others, to make his bread, his bone-mill grinds to very soft, sweet, spirit-stirring music! We may cast a lingering glance, if we please, at the broad promenade, dazzling white, and heavily shaded by the linden, where the gallant company sweep up and down, displaying their bravery, like a peacock its plumaged train. There is much there worthy of note, certainly; for are not the *lions* of Paris there, with lackered boots and cambric shirts, and a general gloss and sparkle about them that makes the despair of Young Germany yonder, with his yellow beard, and flowing locks, and dreamy blue eyes, and absurdly puckered coat? And are not the *lionnes* of Paris there as well—those astonishing ladies who can smoke cigars, ride or drive high-mettled horses, talk slang, and write novels too, as well as any given Frenchman; and yet who are able to dress with a richness of good taste, innate in them, which rivals the Russsian archduchess yonder, and puts all those New York belles to their mettle? There are, too, not a few high-born English, calm and disdainful of the foreigner, as usual; and nobles from Spain and Vienna, who in their hearts consider the above-mentioned English as mushrooms, and the French as insolent upstarts, and the Russians as washed Tartars, and the Yankees as *peaux rouges*, and no rank or condition as genuine except their own.

Let us enter the palace. From its cool marbled hall, we can enter many apartments. Here is the little ballroom, called the Ballroom of Flowers, from its brightly painted roof; here the grand ballroom, looking shadowy and vast in the dim light, now the shutters are closed. Here is the *restaurant*, inferior to that which Prince Blanc provides at Homburg, but not despicable. In this room, as you see, at half-a-dozen tables, are chess-players busy with their ivory warriors. They are always to be found in such palaces; theirs is a cheap diversion, but it engrosses their thoughts until they forget *where* they are playing. It is curious to see them, absorbed, thoughtful, over their combinations and mimic warfare, unconscious of the real hurly-burly, the real battle royal, in the gambling-rooms so near them. Prince Benazet encourages them—these harmless chess-players, these philosophers who ponder, like Archimedes, in the roar of sack and siege. He gives them tables, ivory-men, wax-lights. They act as an involuntary advertisement, and inspire a sort of confidence. True, they bring no grist to the mill, but there is a respectability in their very calmness.

Now we approach the Chamber of Horrors—not waxen, Baker-Street horrors—but flesh-and-blood horrors; now we go where real hearts throb, genuine nerves quiver, bosoms ossify, honor turns to shame, and hope to despair—the torture chamber. Do you hear no groans? no sounds of wailing and pain? Ah! that is because fashion forbids complaint. The sufferers wince inwardly, but are cool and smiling as Indians at the stake. We enter. A fine room—large, lofty, decorated, full of well-dressed folks. That is the dread instrument there, in the middle, affixed to the long table covered with green cloth. There is the wheel of torture, spinning, almost noiseless, on its delicate pivot, crushing its prey daintily. We push on till we get a place among the bystanders who surround the dread instrument, and behold the executioners seated in double row.

In another room, Prince Benazet is wringing the heart-drops of another set of captives, by a different punishment, called *rouge et noir*, artfully inflicted by pieces of painted pasteboard. But this is a graver game, slow, decorous, and without the exciting variety of the roulette wheel we have come to see. Behold! the green board is parcelled out into numbered squares, and has compartments decorated with a lozenge of black, and a lozenge of red, and others inscribed with gilt letters, "odd" and "even," "high" and "low," and so on. In the middle is the wheel, of polished rose-wood, with its eight-and-thirty numbered niches, black or red, and the gallery where the ivory ball runs round, while the wheel spins below, till at last, snap! down goes the ball, and settles in a niche, and decides the question of gain or loss for that turn. Then the executioners, called politely Croupiers, stretch out their adroit wooden rakes, claw up the bank's winnings, toss over, piece by piece, the coin due to those who have been successful; and with a dexterous hand the operator sets the ball flying one way, the wheel twirling the other, and the game goes on. There is little speech. The executioners, always dingy dark-browed men in black, like ravens, sitting two and two on either side the wheel, with gold, silver, notes, and rakes, in a heap before them, have a formula that they croak out in their monotonous voices: "Faites votre jeu, Messieurs!" The ball twirls, the wheel spins. Gold, and silver, and notes are sown all over the board by the eager hands of those who hope for a precious harvest. The ball totters in its gallery. "Nothing more!" cries the croupier, breathless. Down comes the ball. "Red wins, color loses, even, and high, 30," croaks the bird of ill omen. Claw, claw go the rakes, sweeping up all lost stakes. Pat, pat goes the money tossed to the winners.

Then on goes the game, like the scythe of Time itself. There are players of all degrees—men of high rank, branded rogues, merchants and bankers whose very word is worth much gold; knaves who, if they lose the *coup*, must rob or starve; virtuous British matrons; titled dames from Paris, St. Petersburg, Madrid; actresses, whose salaries had need to be handsome, considering the costliness of their lace and jewels; gallant soldiers, whose breasts are galaxies of decoration, and sham ditto, still more gorgeous; self-dubbed counts, mock marchionesses, real and fictitious nobility, wealth, beauty, virtue, all equal for the moment. There are plenty of stalwart young Britons, with the neatest hair and whiskers, the best fitting garments, and the most dazzling watch-chains of any there. Clean of person and linen, honest of mien, manly of make, they are quite refreshing oases in the midst of yonder mob of greasy Poles, dusk Spaniards, and flashily attired Jews, who are elbowing them.

At the end of the table sits a jovial portly gentleman, with a flowing auburn beard and a leonine face, who plays high, and whom the croupiers treat with marked respect—His Royal Highness the Prince of Ischia, a Neapolitan Bourbon. His Royal Highness is as well known as most scions of kingly houses, and has been out at elbows these many years. London, Paris, and the gambling-houses of each especially, know him well. He lives on such part of his confiscated patrimony as his royal brother allows him (or did allow him) when in good humor; he spends half of his time and most of his coin at such palaces as that of Benazet's; he lives royally, and is sold up about twice a year; and I dare wager there is a bailiff or two among the liveried *valetaille*, who will wait on His Royal Highness at dinner this day. Yet he is popular and none the less because he incurred disgrace at home for marrying an English lady—Miss Hecuba Brown—the Princess of Ischia, for whom His Royal Highness went to the trouble of compiling and publishing a family tree, tracing the Browns from Leo the Isaurian, Julian the Apostate, Charles the Fat of France, and other dignitaries. Next to the prince are an old Englishwoman and her young daughter, just eighteen. The mother is a character; she has a passion for play, and a small income; throughout the season, you see her, in the same chair, for ten hours a day, I believe, her patient offspring beside her, playing with single florins, value two shillings. She plays a peculiar game. Her raptures are purchased cheaply. Prudent and slow, she is too tough a customer for the dread wheel. She loses a little on Monday, wins a little on Tuesday. I have heard her say, that at the end of the season she is but a pound or two the richer or poorer. So she goes through the mill, and comes out whole, and the wonder is where her pleasure resides; but she is lame and corpulent, and likes play better than books. As for the daughter, *she* merits pity, as she sits idle, with a blank, pale, stupid face, waiting till her mother has finished. Next to this pair sit three men of the true gambling type, Greeks, Russians, Spaniards, it matters not which. Each has his card and pin, to note the runs of luck; each has his heaps of gold, his pile of silver, his book of bank-paper, and his infallible system of winning. These systems are called, technically, martingales. They are based on calculations, sometimes very simple, sometimes awfully abstruse. Every true gambler makes his own, but they are to be bought, ready printed at the libraries. They all end in ruin and beggary—mathematics and practise unite to prove that—but it is amazing with what faith each player hugs *his* martingale to his heart, and with what scorn he sneers at the dupes around, who fancy they, too, have the grand secret—they, the idiots! These martingales have one common feature—doubling when you lose, and then again, and so on.

It is in this way that Princes Benazet and Blanc suck the marrow of their victims. They chuckle over these puny spells to bind Fortune. It is out of martingales, infallible martingales, that the shareholders of the Bank draw their 400 per cent. I once saw a young Cantab lose £200 in five minutes by doubling, in the vain hope of getting back a lost five-franc piece. The losses begin to grow like the nails in the horse's shoes, in the Eastern tale; and the wheel makes from 90 to 120 turns per hour, crushing, grinding body and bones. I remember well, at Spa, a French prefect came to try his might against the wheel. He brought a confederate, also a well-stocked purse and a system. He won, day after day; he broke the bank, as the phrase goes, more than once. His luck seemed wondrous, or his system sound, for thousands after thousands of golden coins flocked into his pockets. I asked the prince who presided over the torture at Spa, whether he felt fearful of ultimate defeat. The old white-whiskered rogue smiled like an ogre. "It will all come back," he said. So it did, with interest. The Pactolous ebbed so fast, that the prefect had to sell carriage and horses to pay his inn bill, and sneaked back to his prefecture, a shorn sheep that came to fleece. So it is with almost all men. Of course, a few win, not decoys, but real punters. Prince Napoleon, for instance, Mr Baring at Paris, Lord Hertford, rich men, always, who can outbid the bank. The strangest thing is, that when a croupier has saved a little money, he often gets a holiday, goes off to another play-table, and loses every sixpence: and yet if any men should know the worst of play, it must be these, the executioners, who ply the greedy rake all day. See, while we talked, three infallible systems have broken down, three bubbles have burst. Those smooth-looking, hard-eyed men, have hardly a coin left. They vacate their chairs; others eagerly take them. Yet you hear no groans, no gnashing of teeth; you see no glaring eyeballs, none of the signs of despair novelists love to describe, are here in the Hall of Ruin. If a beggared gambler were to lament, and curse, and stamp, as they do in three-volume romances, those numerous footmen in blue and crimson would hustle him out in a moment. Fair and smoothly, is the rule. I recollect when a man shot himself at Wiesbaden, so close to the table that his blood and brains were spattered over board, and players, and over the accursed gold that had lured him. Ah! how quickly was the bleeding witness huddled away, the dark pool of gore wiped from the floor, the chairs pushed back, the play resumed! "Faites votre jeu, Messieurs!" croaked the croupier, ere the body was well across the threshold. I could tell many a tale of those who have laid down life where they had lost means, and fame, and honor. But there is a grim sameness in the incidents. They shock few, except the English. The French can jest on them. One tale is worth a record. A Paris banker had sent his only son on a tour; the young man lost all he had at Baden, and was in debt besides. The prodigal wrote a full confession, promised to be steady in future, asked for means to leave the place. The father, merely to frighten him, sent a harsh refusal, writing by the same post to a Baden banker to pay his son's debts, supply him with funds, and send him on to Paris. But when the correspondent called at the hotel, it was just sixty minutes too late: the poor foolish lad had cut his throat an hour ago. Let the wheel spin! The music is giving an expiring flourish, and the promenaders are going home to dinner. At night, there will be a grand ball. The great saloons blaze with light, the waxed floor, slippery as glass, tempts the dancers; and jewels and laces, and silks, feathers, gay dresses, no lack of beauty, and rank, and wit, and mirth, and music, are there. There, too, are the white-coated Austrians from Rastadt, the best of waltzers, scanning the fair-haired daughters of Albion, as they select partners for the dance just beginning. It is the high noon of play, too, and people of all degrees, nations, and creeds, are gathered round the wheel, and round the rouge-et-noir tables. Floods of wealth run here and there, but the tide sets steadily for the coffers of the bank. The bank's victories are many. Yonder young Guardsman has lost a thousand Napoleons, Count Seckendorf twice as many, Mrs. Higgs of Buckersbury has been mulcted of 8*s.* 4*d.* in English currency; and the last-named player seems to feel her losses the most bitterly. But why chronicle all the mishaps of yonder gay crowd, of fashion and pseudo-fashion, and folly and craft combined? The scene looks gay enough, in the heyday of the season, with fresh enjoyments, new pleasures, revels for every day. But think it over in the late autumn, when the crowd has flitted away, and the trees are bare, and the flowers withered, and the palace silent and dark, and the cold wind drives along the dead brown leaves, blighted like the hopes that were broken on Prince Benazet's torture wheel.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE EARLIEST COPY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

From The London Literary Gazette, August 10.

During the ensuing month a work of rare interest to the Biblical scholar will be published. It is a *fac simile* of the earliest copy of the Scriptures ever yet discovered. The manuscript contains portions of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and was written by Nicholaus, the seventh deacon, at the dictation of the Apostle Matthew, fifteen years after the Ascension. The manuscript, together with many others, was discovered by the Rev. Mr. Stobart, in a sarcophagus, at Thebes, and was brought by him to England. On his arrival in this country he sold a portion of his collection to the British Museum, and a considerable number of the remainder he disposed of to Mr. Meyer, the celebrated archæologist of Liverpool. Those in the British Museum remain unrolled and unread to the present day, but Mr. Meyer, having obtained the assistance of Dr. K. Simomdes, proceeded to unroll the various papyri, and among others of great interest was discovered one in fragments, containing portions of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and bearing the inscription, "The writing by the hand of Nicholaus the Deacon, at the dictation of Matthew, the Apostle of Jesus Christ: it was done in the fifteenth year after the Ascension of our Lord, and was distributed to the believing Jews and Greeks in Palestine."

The papyrus is much damaged, and the fragments preserved are not very numerous, but they supply two lost verses, furnish a much purer text than any other known version, and clear up many passages that have hitherto been doubtful and obscure. The manuscript is written in the Greek uncial character, and in all probability was the identical manuscript that was copied seven times by Hermodorus, during the life of the apostle, and likewise seven times after his death. The copy from which the English version of the Gospel is chiefly derived is the eleventh copy made by Hermodorus, preserved in one of the monasteries of the East, and in this several errors have been made in the transcription. The publication of this work is one of the greatest interest to the Christian world, and will probably excite more attention than any similar discovery during the present century. Messrs. Trubner have undertaken the publication of the work, and a very large circulation is anticipated for it both in Europe and America.

"UNDER THE CLOUD AND THROUGH THE SEA."

So moved they, when false Pharaoh's legion pressed,
Chariots and horsemen following furiously—
Sons of old Israel, at their God's behest,
Under the cloud and through the swelling sea.

So passed they, fearless, where the parted wave,
With cloven crest uprearing from the sand—
A solemn aisle before—behind, a grave—
Rolled to the beckoning of Jehovah's hand.

So led He them, in desert marches grand,
By toils sublime, with test of long delay,
On, to the borders of that Promised Land
Wherein their heritage of glory lay.

And Jordan raged along his rocky bed,
And Amorite spears flashed keen and fearfully:
Still the same pathway must their footsteps tread—
Under the cloud and through the threatening sea.

God works no otherwise. No mighty birth
But comes by throes of mortal agony;
No man-child among nations of the earth
But findeth baptism in a stormy sea.

Sons of the Saints who faced their Jordan-flood
In fierce Atlantic's unretreating wave—
Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood
Reached to the Freedom that your blood shall save!

O Countrymen! God's day is not yet done!
He leaveth not His people utterly!
Count it a covenant, that He leads us on
Beneath the Cloud and through the crimson Sea!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

SPAIN AND HAYTI.

From The London Review.

The success of the Spanish government in its quarrel with Morocco seems to have raised new dreams of conquest and annexation, under the influence of which the treacherous offers of Santana were gladly embraced. A crafty plot seems to have been imagined, the plan of which appears in the manner of its execution, and to carry out which Santana made use of the power which had been lodged in his hands as president of the republic. A motive was wanting to justify Santana, and this was found in a notorious perversion of the truth. At the time of the fall of Soulouque, hostilities existed between St. Domingo and Hayti; and one of the first acts of the President Geffrard was to grant the Dominicans, at the request of the Consuls of France and England, a truce which was to last till the beginning of the year 1864. Since that, Geffrard has pressed the Dominican government to come to a speedy arrangement on some commercial questions, the settlement of which would be greatly to the advantage of the Dominicans; but Santana has employed his ingenuity in finding means to put off this settlement, while he was carrying on his secret intrigue with Spain. When the moment came for throwing off the mask, Santana pretended that he had called in the Spaniards to protect St. Domingo against an attack from the Haytians. A Spanish army, sent from Havana, was suddenly landed in St. Domingo, and took possession in the name of Spain, while a party, got together by Santana, voted the acknowledgment of the authority of the Spanish government in the face of the protestation of the better part of the Dominican people. The very Consuls of France and England felt it their duty to protest against so base an intrigue, when the details became publicly known. It appears that the revolution had been decided between Santana and the Court of Spain so long ago as last November, on the understanding that everything was to be carried on entirely between the governments of St. Domingo and Cuba, and that it should appear that the Cubans were called in by the Dominicans. Upon this, there took place a sudden emigration of Cubans to St. Domingo, and they were most favorably received by the Dominican government. A persecution had been carried on for some time by Santana, which drove the leading and most influential of the Dominican patriots to seek refuge in Hayti, and the President of St. Domingo had obtained, by an immense issue of paper money, the means of purchasing the support of those who remained and were accessible to bribes. In January last a Spanish officer, raised on this occasion to the grade of general, was appointed keeper of the Dominican arsenal; and fifty Spanish officers were placed in official situations under the republic. The government of Spain, on its part, pretended to have been totally ignorant of what was going on, and, when the intrigue had been completed, professed only to accept a necessity which could not then be avoided.

No state is more immediately interested in this strange revolution than the republic of Hayti, the independence of which, as well as its principles, are no doubt seriously threatened, and the excitement of the Haytians is therefore easily understood. They are not only alarmed for their political independence, but they fear also a return to slavery, for nobody doubts in spite of the declaration of the Spanish government to the contrary, that the Spaniards will seize the first opportunity to reëstablish slavery in St. Domingo. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise if, when the Spanish consul at Port au Prince, on the 6th of April, announced officially to President Geffrard the occupation of St. Domingo by his government, the President met this announcement by an indignant protest, in which he justly characterized the transaction as a flagrant breach of the law of nations, and declared that the Haytian government would never recognize the cession of St. Domingo to Spain, but would consider itself justified in taking all measures necessary to avert the dangers with which it felt itself threatened. The sympathy of the Haytians in general with the Dominicians has been very unequivocally expressed, and the Haytian newspapers have been, perhaps, under the circumstances, imprudently violent in their denunciations of Santana's treachery, and in their calls upon the Dominicans to rise in defence of their own liberties, while the exiles from Santana's tyranny have been allowed to cross the frontier to join in the insurrections which have already taken place on different points. Whatever right the Haytians may have on their side, they certainly have not might, and Spain, in the character of the great bully, whose courage is raised by the weakness of his opponent, has not failed to resent accordingly the opposition she has experienced from such a quarter. The last mails bring the intelligence that a Spanish fleet has anchored in the bay of Port au Prince, and has threatened to bombard that important town, unless, within twenty-four hours, the government of Hayti yields to the monstrous demands of the government of Spain, which are: 1, the payment of 100,000 piastres as an indemnity for the damage done by the entrance of General Cabral, and other exiles from Hayti, on the Dominican territory: 2, the immediate surrender to the Dominican government, at the expense of that of Hayti, of all Dominicans who still remain within the Haytian territory; 3, the formal retraction by the Haytian government of its protest against the Spanish ivasion of St. Domingo; and 4, the prohibition of any allusion in the Haytian newspapers to Dominican affairs. The government of Hayti has probably yielded to these demands, simply because its power of resistance is insufficient.

This Spanish aggression has been met with another protest besides that of the President of Hayti. There can be no doubt that Spain was encouraged by the impending divisions in the United States to believe that the Americans would not be able to interfere, and that without that encouragement, she would hardly have ventured upon the course she has pursued. The American government has made an energetic remonstrance against the Spanish aggression on St. Domingo, declaring that it sees in this transaction a legitimate ground for war. It is curious enough that, at the very moment of this revolution, the island had become a subject of peculiar interest in the United States. A plan has been formed there, encouraged by General Geffrard and the Haytian government, which seems to be attended so far with considerable success, to send liberated negroes and men of color from the United States to settle in Hayti, where the country is thinly populated, and where workmen only are wanting to develop vast resources of industrial profit. The central or headquarters of this scheme are at Boston, where there is a "central bureau" of emigration, and where the cause is supported by a newspaper entitled *The Pine and Palm*, some numbers of which we have now before us. The design is, of course, to make a free and industrious state of colored men, which would, eventually possess the whole island, and which, therefore, must be strongly opposed to this Spanish aggression.

It is certainly remarkable that the British government, which has a consul at St. Domingo and another at Porto Plata, should appear to be totally ignorant of what was going on at the former place, especially as our consul at St. Domingo is reported to be a personal friend of Santana. Even at the present moment our ministers seem to be ignorant of the real circumstances of a revolution of which their own consuls were witnesses. And yet, in all this, British interests are as much involved as the general interests of humanity. It is evidently the desire of Spain to recover as much as she can of her power in America, and there can be little doubt that she aims at gaining possession of the whole island of St. Domingo. This acquisition would so far raise the power of Spain in the West Indies that it would give her the command of the Gulf of Mexico and of the route from Europe to Panama.

A FALL IN THE ALPS.

A FRENCH BARONESS KILLED.

From The New York Albion.

Dear Mr. Y.—As you are an old Alpine traveller, and as you doubtless remember well the scene of a fearful accuasition of which, I regret to say, I was an eye-witness, I will attempt to describe to you, although I am endeavoring to banish the sad scene from my recollection.

On Saturday, in company with a young Englishman, I started from the little inn of Schwarenbach for the Gemmi Pass, having sent back our horses to Kandersteg, where we slept the preceding night. The morning was very cloudy and disagreeable, and there was very little prospect of pleasure from the trip; but we were not disposed to grumble, because up to this time we had been particularly favored with fine weather at every point—in fact, we had enjoyed days as clear and cloudless as we were accustomed to in America.

About one hour from our starting point (distances here, as you are aware, are known as in the East by hours and not by miles), on a steep and narrow turn in the precipitous downward path, the mule which carried an unfortunate French lady stumbled on the near fore-leg, throwing her clean out of the saddle; and as there was no parapet wall or railing, and the poor creature made no use of the reins, she pitched right over the precipice. Before her distracted husband, who was riding immediately behind her, could dismonnt, her lifeless and mangled form had rested some 150 feet beneath, having passed over the first ledge below us on which the zigzagged path was traced, and been stopped by chance on the second. The whole terrible affair was the work, I am quite sure, of less than half a minute!

In great afflictions we have reason sometimes to be thankful for slight mitigating circumstances; and thus it was I felt grateful that the poor husband, when he descended, was unable to see his poor wife's face, mangled as it must have been. It seemed as though fate spared him that additional shock; for the body—and head particularly—was wrapped up in the shrubs and bushes as by a careful hand. The feet alone indicated the presence of a corpse.

I will not attempt to describe the agony and despair of the unfortunate gentleman. All efforts to soothe him were vain. He was apparently a man of six-and-twenty years—a Baron ——.

The muleteer at the time the accident occurred was at the off side, which at this spot was next the inner wall of rock, so that he could not, in such a catastrophe of a moment, be of any use. I attached great blame to him for not being between the mule and the edge of the precipice, in which case he would have grasped the poor lady as she fell. It must be borne in mind, however, that with the curves which here are very frequent, his position as to the dangerous side of the road changes; that is to say, in the next curve he would have been in the proper place, the precipice side of the path. These drivers, however, to my thinking, do not attach sufficient importance to the necessity of the head of the animal being held; in fact, as you well know, they prefer to take hold of the animal's tail, and be helped along themselves by that means.

What a fearful pass that Gemmi is! After getting to the hotel at Lenk, I turned to Murray's Hand-book, and here is what is said of it:

* * "The traveller finds himself on the brink of a precipice from which a plumb-line might be thrown into the valley below nearly 16,000 feet, almost without touching the rock, so vertical are its sides. It is principally upon the faces of a buttress of this vast wall that one of the most extraordinary of all the Alpine roads, constructed in 1736–41 by a party of Tyrolese, has been carried. Its zigzags have been very ingeniously contrived, for in many places the rocks overhang the path, and an upper terrace projects further out than the one immediately below it. It varies in width from three to five feet, is bordered at the sides by a dry wall, or railing, and is practicable for muleer. *There is no danger in it;* and the terrors have vanished of late before improvements and balustrades at the side. It is not pleasant to ride down, but on most of the passes there are places quite as alarming to weak nerves."

"There is no danger in it," says the guide-book, in italics, mind, and also, "it is not pleasant to ride down." Indeed! How will the writer reconcile the assertion with the terrible fact of this accident? Have the "terrors vanished before balustrades?" The fact is that there are no "balustrades" or "dry walls" on the path, and the only thing in the way of protection that I saw on the pass was here and there a bit of railing a dozen feet long, at points particularly frightful; but the railing was not of sufficient strength to resist a fall upon it of beast or man. The compiler of the hand-book may argue that the lady could be thrown over a "dry wall" or "balustrade" of ordinary height; but how could a body in its descent from one road roll over the "dry wall" or "balustrade" of another, if there was one. Surely the author could never have been over the pass; and he may have got his information from the keepers of hotels at either side of the Gemmi.

This fearful accident was followed by a violent rain and hail storm which aided in making the scene on the mountain side most memorable to the few persons on it. The rain and hail soon washed the blood from the path; and the Alps of Switzerland are now free from gore, and await a new victim of imprudence of one kind or another.

S. J. A.

Geneva, August 4.

To the above melancholy little tale—of which we find no mention in English papers down to the 7th inst.—is to be added another more remarkable but less fatal accident, that occurred recently to one of an English party attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc from St. Gervais. He slipped down a slope of frozen snow about 1,000 feet deep, and was so severely shaken and excoriated that, when recovered and carried back with with great difficulty to St. Gervais, his life appeared to be in danger. He is, however, reported convalescent.—*Eds. Albion.*

A MODERN ARAB FEAST.

["Hadji," the eastern correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writes this account of a feast among the Arabs:]

It is not to be supposed that the readers of *The Traveller* are altogether of the sterner sex: I will, therefore, place before its lady readers a few of the dishes and some of the chit-chat of an Arab feast I lately attended.

As my sister and myself were passing through the bazaars the other day, we were accosted by the venerable head of a large household, and, almost by force, taken into his house. He did not tell us a feast was going on, but as soon as we entered the court we knew it by the number of slippers, shoes and clogs before the doors of the different chambers. Our crinolined selves with difficulty found room to